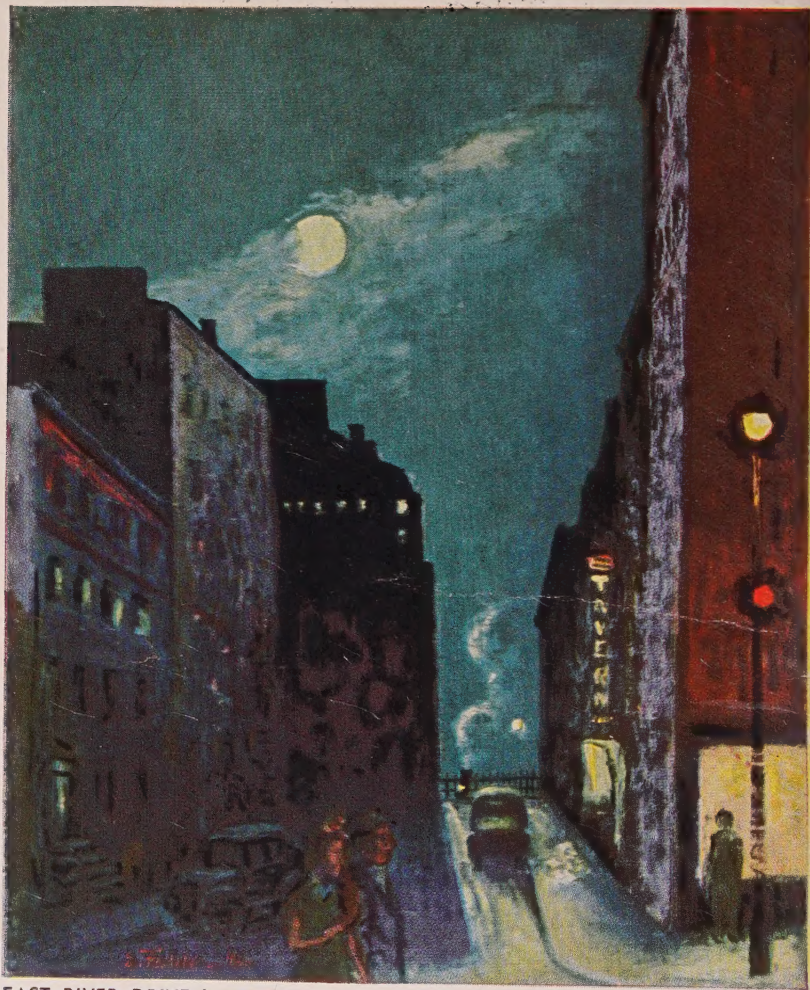


*the Magazine of the Year*

35¢



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also a new kind of spy story by Irwin Shaw



**EAST RIVER DRIVE** by Ernest Fiene.....See Page 32

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### ARTICLES

	Page
FRED RODELL.....	TAF: MODEL-T CANDIDATE 2
HERMAN WOUK.....	MAKE IT WITH KISSING 14
MARGARET MEAD.....	MUST MARRIAGE BE FOR LIFE? 28
ANNALEE JACOBY.....	ROBERT PAYNE: LITERATURE UNLIMITED 35
NATHANIEL BENCHLEY.....	UP IN BENCHLEY'S ROOM 50
BERTRAND RUSSELL.....	STILL TIME FOR GOOD SENSE 56
A. A. BERLE, JR.....	THE TROUBLE WITH THE DEMOCRATS 69
JOHN PFEIFFER.....	REFORMING OLD MAN RIVER 79
JAMES P. WARBURG.....	LEND-LEASE FOR PEACE 86
HENRY SIMON.....	LEONARD BERNSTEIN: MOLTO FURIOSO 94
JACK ALAN.....	ER . . . or, HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH 102
JOHN S. SUMNER.....	WHAT I LIKE TO READ 113

### NARRATIVE

M. F. K. FISHER.....	THE HOLLOW HEART 22
GUIDO D'AGOSTINO.....	BELLAGAMBA'S PHEASANT 40
IRWIN SHAW.....	THE MAN WITH ONE ARM 120

### WORDS AND PICTURES

ERNEST FIENE.....	NEW YORK NIGHTS 32
	Introduction by Fred Ringel
GJON MILI.....	FOUR CAMERA PARALLELS 64
	Introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre
HY PESKIN.....	THE REAL NATIONAL GAME 75
VINCENT McHUGH . . . '47 Workshop Ballad.....	DUSKY SALLY 117
	Music by Charles Haubiel—Painting by Waldo Peirce
R. OSBORN.....	OPEN SEASON 149

### Executive Editorial Board

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# TAFT:

## Model-T Candidate

**He yearns for the good old days of 1928  
and strives mightily to restore them**

*by Fred Rodell*

**A** FEW YEARS back, when F.D.R. was still alive and Democracy rode high and the war was a crusade, only a fool or a prophet would have predicted it. The nation's political temper was then a warm and well-meaning liberal idealism; the New Deal, from Wagner Act to OPA, was a fact; Four Freedoms for the whole world was a hope. Only a fool or a prophet would have predicted that, come 1947, the most powerful figure in the federal government would be a fellow with little use for unions or foreign nations, an unreconstructed conservative, an unrepentant isolationist, a man with a mind like a businessman's briefcase.

Such a man is Senator Robert Alphonso Taft.

That this sober-sided son-of-a-president should be calling the tune in Washington today is partly luck. It was lucky—for Taft—that in 1944 the Democratic high command was so badly informed about Taft's supposed strength in his home state of Ohio that it ran a throw-away candidate against him and let Taft squeak back into the Senate by a bare 24,000 votes out of almost 3,000,000. It was lucky—for Taft—that Franklin Roosevelt died, leaving Truman and his original Missouri gang to mess up the immediate postwar picture to such an extent that a peeved electorate turned Congress over to the G.O.P. And it was lucky—for Taft—that the new Senate was so nearly void of veteran Republican regulars with ability that Vandenberg's absorp-

• FRED RODELL is Professor of Law at Yale University, and the author of numerous books and articles on law, the Constitution, and the Presidency.

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tion in bipartisan foreign policy left Taft utterly unchallenged as ruler of the Republican roost.

But there was more than luck. The cold and colorless six-footer, with the face of a kindly large-mouthed bass and the toneless voice of a parrot imitating human speech, has long been publicized as a compendium of the school-book virtues. Even his political enemies concede him an indefatigable industry, a blustering, tactless honesty, a solid intellectual capacity, and a sort of self-righteous courage. Even if his heart has never been young and gay (he once said of a jaunt to Europe with college chums, "I used to go to bed at eleven . . . they would go off and get themselves in jail"), his marks for Effort and Deportment have always been 100. If most of the colleagues who backed him last winter in a poll of the Senate for a presidential nominee confessed that they didn't like Taft personally, they grudgingly rated him the "best man" for the job. Held in loveless respect by both friends and foes, Taft owes his present stature largely to a stiff and sturdy conservatism of character—entirely apart from his equally conservative political views.

Yet Taft's political conservatism is the dominant fact about him. Granted the word "reaction-

ary" connotes a yen to go back to the days of yore, it fits Taft to a Model-T. "If," he said longingly a few years ago, "we can restore business activity to the conditions which existed in 1928"—all would be dandy. (Perhaps he would call it sheer coincidence that right after 1928 came the crash year, 1929.) But the fellow-Republican senator who said of Taft that "nothing in his mind has changed since the days of McKinley" missed the mark by a quarter-century. It is the '20s, the Golden Age of business, the era of Harding and Coolidge and Hoover, that Taft yearns for—and mentally all but lives in. Only last spring, during a debate on economic planning, which Taft of course opposed, he contended that the development of two new industries would keep our economy in high gear for years. Plastics? Radar? Atomic energy? The audience wondered briefly. "Yes, indeed," said Taft, "two new industries—the airplane and the radio."

**F**ROM THE TIME when Taft as a political neophyte tried to save the skin of the Cincinnati Republican machine (and was licked by his young brother Charles' municipal reform)—on through a senatorial first term of monotonous and obstinate opposition to almost



every Rooseveltian policy, past or present, at home or abroad—right up to his emasculation-murder of OPA and his triumphant near-répeal of the Wagner Act in the new antiunion law which bears his name—Taft's political career has been exclusively devoted to resisting all change unless the change aimed backward. His recent sponsorship of milk-mild national health and education bills adds up, almost by his own admission, to a pair of counterattacks to stave off more progressive and substantial measures.

Only his housing bill, which has been so touted as to smell of pre-presidential-campaign press-agentry, fails to fit the pattern. But the housing bill was strangely missing from a list of "must" legislation issued in May by the Senate Republican policy committee, of which Taft is chairman; it has been shelved, and over no audible outcry from Senator Taft, who is well aware that a shelved bill injures no real estate interests—and builds no houses.

The housing and health and education bills have lured more than a few journalists into raptures over a "new" Taft, suddenly receptive to reform and tolerant of reformers. If by nothing else, the press should have been set straight by his fight last spring

against the confirmation of David Lilienthal as head of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission. During that exhibition, Taft let out all the old stops against "regimentation" and "power-hungry bureaucrats"—by which he meant the New Deal and New Dealers; his bitterness betrayed how stubbornly he still believes that government must be run by, and for, business and businessmen. And more recently, in the speech at Columbus which prefaced his current western campaign, Taft's conservatism verged amazingly on an-archism when he charged the President with appointing to government office "those who believe in control by government."

**T**HE TRUTH is that Taft remains as extreme and rigid a rightist as he was when he used to try to slash appropriations for such widely accepted New Deal successes as the TVA and the SEC ("some juvenile board in Washington"), or as he was when Walter Lippmann wrote of him: "He is probably more responsible than any single man for leading the Republican party into blind alleys of dumb obstructionism on the vital issues of our time." To call him Herbert Hoover's intellectual heir would today be somewhat unfair to Hoover, who has mellowed

a touch with the years. But Taft, in a sense that is little appreciated, is indeed the political heir of Herbert Hoover.

Everyone knows that Taft, as *Time* put it, "means to get himself elected President of the U. S. in 1948." Most people remember that Taft came razor-close to the Republican nomination in 1940, and might well have won it had Dewey released his delegates a ballot or two earlier, before the Willkie landslide began. Politicians, at least, recall that the whole foundation of Taft's strength, outside his home state of Ohio, lay in the solid bloc of Southern delegates which Taft held tightly—and still holds tightly for 1948. And where did Midwesterner Taft acquire this backlog of Southern support? He was willed it, lock, stock, and barrel, by the man who, as last Republican president, still largely controlled, through old appointments and friendships, the Republican machines of those Democratic states—the man who had known and admired Taft since Taft had worked under him in the Food Administration of World War I—Herbert Hoover.

It is more than symbolic that whatever real chance Taft has to achieve next year his life's ambition, he owes to a straight political inheritance from the business-

minded former president whose name is still suggestive of national depression and synonymous with ultraconservatism.

WHEN THE scion of Cincinnati's leading family, socially and financially, was taken to Rome in 1902, the Pope blessed him and hoped he would some day be president. It is not unlikely that Bob Taft, then thirteen, took the Pope seriously. He was already taking everything seriously, from schoolmasters' orders (always obeyed) to games of chess (he cried when he lost)—not to mention himself. Bookish, figure-minded, competitively clever, he was less than popular with more extroverted classmates, whose marks were always lower than his. From Uncle Horace's Taft School he went, of course, to Yale, where he sternly forced himself, despite a natural ineptness he has never lost, to go in for debating. A contemporary still remembers his awkward stubby-armed gestures; one biographer traces to these undergraduate efforts the fact that "he still tends to regard winning an argument as more important than discovering the truth."

Taft led the class of 1910 at Yale and then led his class at the Harvard Law School. Since neither institution was in those days overly



critical of the *status quo*, it can be assumed that Taft's high marks rewarded an unusual ability to accept, accumulate, and disgorge orthodox ideas; there is no hint of an original or even an inquiring mind in his academic record. From Harvard Law, eschewing New York and the Eastern seaboard—which he has always vaguely mistrusted much in the manner of his long-time booster, Col. McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*—Bob went home to Cincinnati, where Tafts are sacrosanct, and embarked on a conventional practice of corporation law. His service under Hoover during the war (bad eyes kept him out of the army) interfered only briefly with a legal career which made substantial additions to the already substantial Taft fortune.

ELECTED TO THE Ohio legislature for three terms, which began in 1921 and were climaxed by his speakership of the House, Taft continued to serve his corporate clients—for example, by strenuously opposing a bill aimed to reduce utility rates, and by championing a tax-revision bill that the governor, in vetoing, said was intended to save corporations \$1,500,000 a year. At that time, and during a later single term in the state Senate, Taft won quite

a reputation as a fiscal expert although, his save-the-rich-and-soak-the-poor tax philosophy was almost antediluvian. It still is. As U. S. Senator, he fought against the taxing of excess profits in World War II and proposed instead a ten per cent federal sales tax which he accurately described as “the best way to reach the lower-income groups.”

On civil liberties, as in standing up to the Ku Klux Klan, Taft's Ohio record was excellent, and he has kept it pretty clean to date, despite a recent tendency toward greater solicitude for the rights of fascists like anti-Semitic Gerald Winrod or the Nuremberg defendants than for the rights of liberals and leftists. But he early showed a politician's unconcern for decent local government, coupled with a bland tolerance of bossism (provided, of course, the boss was not a Democrat); he spearheaded the attack against his brother Charles' successful campaign to replace the corrupt Cincinnati G.O.P. machine with a city-manager system; and, exactly like Truman with the Pennergasts, he has since continued to play fruitful footie with the resurgent remnants of that machine.

By 1936, his eye now on the national scene, Taft was fuming against the New Deal in speech and print. Its purpose, he told the

Women's National Republican Club, "is to abandon the American business and political system for a system tending inevitably to socialism"—and on and on. In an article on "Sidestepping the Constitution" he praised the old Supreme Court for throwing out the NRA and the AAA, and warned that Roosevelt, if re-elected, would "not only amend the Constitution but completely destroy it." Two years later, the Constitution was sufficiently intact for Taft to be able to run for the U. S. Senate from Ohio. For both primary and general elections he stumped the state by car, making as many as a dozen dull speeches a day. But one commentator attributed his eventual victory less to his exhaustive personal campaign than to the "expenditure throughout Ohio of a couple of hundred thousand dollars, plus the wit, will, and wisdom of his politically acute wife, Martha Bowers Taft."

In fact, so active was Mrs. Taft in her husband's behalf that one newspaper proclaimed: "Bob and Martha Taft were elected to the Senate yesterday."

Taft's first Senate term was a tedious toll of negatives. From his maiden speech, opposing an appropriation for TVA, he was simply, and bitterly, *against* whatever the Administration was *for*.

On the domestic front, with few and minor lapses, his Nays were automatic—except when he helped pass the antiunion Smith-Connally Act over Roosevelt's veto. His pre-Pearl Harbor record of intransigent isolationism included votes against conscription, against Lend-Lease, against the destroyers-for-bases deal, against extension of the draft, against the second Lend-Lease appropriation, against the arming of U. S. merchant ships. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., reports that he once said, "War is even worse than a German victory," and that, as late as 1943, he called the wisdom of going to war with Germany "debatable."

Taft's isolationism, unlike that of such domestic liberals as Sen-

President William Howard Taft





ator La Follette, stemmed largely and characteristically from his hatred of the New Deal and his fears for the future of private business. "We have moved far toward totalitarian government already," he said in 1939. "The additional powers sought by the President in case of war . . . would create a socialist dictatorship which it would be impossible to dissolve when the war ended." The Atlantic Charter offended his every instinct. "I do not believe," he blurted in 1943, "that we went to war to establish the Four Freedoms or any other freedoms throughout the world."

And in a 1944 attack on Administration foreign policy, he again revealed the source of his still undiminished isolationism with the

crack that "there are many New Dealers in power in the government today who have the same itch to regulate the affairs of the world and of other nations that they have to regulate the farms and the homes and the businesses of the American people."

It was not, however, with ideas, national or international, as weapons that Taft went after the presidential nomination in 1940. He stayed sedulously away from preference primaries, even ducking a challenge from Dewey to run against him in Maryland. Instead he put on a highly professional, tightly organized campaign. But "amateur" Willkie, with some professional if unorthodox support of his own, upset the applegate in

Martha Bowers Taft



R. A. Taft

INP



Philadelphia after Taft and Dewey had stymied each other for four ballots and Dewey had thrown his strength to Taft on the fifth—too little and too late.

In 1944 Taft bowed out of the presidential race in favor of his fellow-Ohioan, Bricker — though there are those who maintain he hoped to the end that a Bricker-Dewey deadlock might lead to his nomination. Barely shading his way back to the Senate that year, generally in disrepute for his isolationism, Taft's star seemed scarcely in the ascendancy.

**T**WO YEARS later, the turn of the political wheel had made him acknowledged boss of a rampant Republican Congress, and his sights were set, for 1948, on higher things.

No sooner had Taft taken over the reins of the new Senate than he shrugged off the cloak of semi-liberalism he had been wearing for a few months. Even while he wore it, any acute observer could have told that it didn't fit and that it was made of shoddy stuff. His 1946 national health bill had been proposed only to block the real and sweeping reforms of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell health-insurance bill; it provided little more than some small medical care for the indigent and was damned

by genuine liberals as "sheer fraud." His 1946 bill for federal aid to education was a watered-down version of a strong bill that he had helped kill three years before and that he feared might rise again; it guaranteed a minimum expenditure per year, for every U. S. school-child, of \$40, a sum which *Life* called "markedly on the low side." Even his 1946 housing bill, the best of the lot, was, by his own statement, devoted nine-tenths to financial help for private builders and only one-tenth to public housing.

Beyond these three proposals, just one other incident had marked Taft's brief masquerade as a liberal. That was when he and Senator Pepper stood together—in a believe-it-or-not alliance—to block President Truman's hysterical effort to draft striking railroad workers into the Army. Here indeed Taft was on the side of the angels—and also on the side of conservative common sense. But those who had seen this stand, too, as significant of a change in Taft might have measured against it two other Taft moves during that same spring and summer of 1946: his Senate championship of the labor-baiting Case bill (which Truman effectively vetoed) and his leadership in pulling the props from under price control, sending



prices—and profits—sky-high.

And there has been no more liberal nonsense since Taft stepped into the driver's seat last January. His three federal-aid bills, though re-introduced, soon quietly dropped out of sight; Taft still says for publication he is for them, but his inactions speak louder. As for labor, he gave the tip-off immediately. In dealing out committee assignments, with a high hand that many of his own party resented, he passed up for himself the chairmanship of the important Finance Committee (Senator Millikin, who got it, would do Taft's bidding anyway) and took over the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, thus barring progressive Senator Aiken from the job.

Beyond his running of the Republican policy committee, his efforts to cut taxes for the rich, his fight against Lilienthal, his responsibility for ending real rent control, Taft's major energies throughout the first session of the 80th Congress were devoted to putting across, eventually over Truman's veto, the first piece of important legislation ever to bear his name—the antilabor Taft-Hartley Act.

There is no space here to discuss the many disparate provisions of this law, which Taft insisted on framing in omnibus form

so the President would be forced to accept or reject it whole. Though Taft told the Senate, straight-faced, "It is not an anti-labor bill," he injudiciously remarked at a businessmen's dinner, the next night, that it covered about three-fourths of the matters "pressed on us very strenuously by employers." Though he blustered, "No business organization had anything to do with it," it was common knowledge in Washington that several high-priced corporation lawyers lent their hands to its drafting. Moreover, the act as passed is less restrictive than Taft personally wanted it, for his ban on industry-wide bargaining was beaten in his own committee and again on the Senate floor. Entirely apart from its more obvious aspects, no one doubts that its unique limitation of the new NLRB's power to make decisions will clog the federal courts with a nightmare of administrative detail. As one lawyer put it, licking his chops, "We'll tie unions up in the courts for the next five years."

ONE OF THE purposes of the act is to weaken the bargaining power of unions so as to keep wages down. Taft indirectly admitted as much when he recently flayed President Truman for the 1946 veto of the weaker Case bill,



Taft smiles his satisfaction as he and Rep. Hartley (left) watch Senate Secretary Loeffler sign their labor bill

on the ground that even that bill would have stopped wage increases and so held prices lower. But Taft's talk about wages and prices and production and inflation always skips one item. In his verbal exchange with the President last June on the subject of prices, he wanted production increased, taxes reduced, and costs—obviously

meaning labor costs—cut; there was not a word about cutting profits, then on an all-time-high plateau. Perhaps that is why one reporter says Taft is “pretty vague” about how to stop depressions, and another quotes him as confessing outright, “the economic cycle is certainly very puzzling.”

No less puzzling to Taft is the whole vast question of U. S. foreign policy, which he has left until recently in Senator Vandenberg's

hands. His isolationism, still strong in peacetime, has led him to vote in recent years against Bretton Woods, against reciprocal trade agreements, against a bill authorizing U. S. participation in the UN (though he voted to ratify the UN Charter), and against the British loan. But Taft's twin tenets—a queasy mistrust of all non-

Americans and a horror at tossing U. S. tax money abroad—have today come confusingly in conflict with his long-standing hatred of Soviet Russia. Thus, he originally opposed the Truman Doctrine but eventually voted, with expressed reluctance, for Greek and Turkish aid. As Joseph and Stewart Alsop once summed up Taft's international views: "The facts of the world situation are so remote from his experience that he tends to regard them as improbable nonsense."

In the light of his confused ignorance about foreign affairs and his self-confessed puzzlement over the domestic economy, not to mention his blind intolerance of men of Lilienthal's stripe, it is perhaps fair to examine briefly Taft's reputation for great intellectual ability. The truth is that Taft has a good mind only in a strictly limited sense. Its reputation rests on his undeniable and prodigious capacity for hard, dry work and on his consequent and considerable fact-and-figure memory. It is an accumulative rather than an active mind, fine for college marks and Senate debates and parlor games; it is a briefcase mind, bulging with material that can be pulled out on call and pulled out intact—untouched by human thought. For that mind has long been innocent

of basic inquiry and closed to unfamiliar, and so distasteful, ideas. Twenty years which have changed the world have not changed Taft's mind on any essential matter. They have not led him to question even fleetingly any of his prejudices.

So sure is Taft that he is right and always has been right in his political theology that even his blunt honesty is, in marked degree, a reflection of his intellectual arrogance. "Why," he seems to ask when he dogmatically dismisses a man as *Stupid!* or an idea as *Nonsense!*, "should I waste my time politely arguing down absurdities or truckling to wrong-headed fools?" For no one has a higher regard for Taft's mind than Senator Taft himself—unless it be his wife, Martha, whose favorite adjective for him is "brilliant."

Martha Taft has reported of her campaign for her husband in 1938: "Once they told me I could talk only on Abraham Lincoln. But when I got through you couldn't tell where Lincoln left off and Bob Taft began." A wife may be pardoned for confusing the two men. But the U. S. electorate is not so likely to confuse them—nor to confer next year the mantle of Lincoln on one so conspicuously lacking in the qualities that gave Lincoln his greatness—humility, humor, and common humanity.



# MAKE IT WITH KISSING

**An unrepentant gag-writer's farewell to radio humor**

**by Herman Wouk**

**A**FAT, TIRED-LOOKING man with a sharp, humorous glance came down the stairs of a quadruplex penthouse in New York, extended his hand to me, and said, "My name is Freedman. This is a hell of a lot of work." With these words I was hired for my first job—I was nineteen—by the late David Freedman, the famous radio writer. My recommendations were a college degree, the editorship of the *Columbia Jester*, and the credit for having written two Varsity Shows. My task was copying jokes out of old magazines and onto file cards. I was also assigned to take the off-color anecdotes of college "smokers" and transmute them into radio jokes by the use of Freed-

man's Formula, "Make it with kissing."

Thirteen years later I wandered despondently from a rehearsal of a faltering comedy program of which I was "head writer" to the publisher who had undertaken to print a novel of mine, and was greeted with the "Proclaim Freedom" of modern writers: "The Book-of-the-Month took it." Since then I have not made use of Freedman's Formula, or written jokes.

During that baker's dozen of years (except for an interlude aboard minesweepers) I was a gagman. The longest stretch was the one I served for Fred Allen. From him and from Freedman I learned most of what I know about the craft of the jokesmith.

●HERMAN WOUK turned away from the hungry joke machines of radio to write his first novel, *Aurora Dawn*. It was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice.

Among the things I know is this: Radio comedy is a vulgar art in intention and performance. It is also an art which, in general, is

pursued with zeal, discipline, and much technical skill. The big guns of intellectual analysis, after blasting at broadcast humor for one or twenty pages, usually end by proving triumphantly that this vulgar art is vulgar. They thus leave the art undamaged and its practitioners unregenerate.

Now, "vulgar" is a loaded word. Franklin Roosevelt was the vulgar choice for President. It is vulgar to believe in free speech, a free press, and freedom of religion. And it is vulgar to enjoy Fred Allen, Fibber McGee, Jack Benny, and Bob Hope. That is to say, most of the people do it.

The mistake of much serious criticism of radio seems to me that of judging one art by the standards of another. Those who disdain gag shows are, in effect, blaming good folk dances for not being good sculpture. Radio comedy is Vaudeville. It is often judged as Writing.

**T**HIS MUDDLING of standards is so widespread that it affects the gagmen themselves. They sometimes have a sense of guilt about their profession, as though it belonged on the twilight edge of society, along with bookmaking and the selling of liquor after curfew. In my seven years of gagwriting before the war, I collaborated

with Arnold M. Auerbach. We devised a curious self-deceiving fiction: We were not really gagmen, but playwrights, and what we did in radio was a sort of ditch-digging to provide food and shelter for ourselves while we pursued the high dramaturgic art. So we observed a ritual: Twice a week we would set aside an evening and talk about *The Play*. This served to keep alive the fantasy and refresh our spirits for a few more days of the drudgery of gagwriting. As of the moment, neither of us has written *The Play*. Arnold was the author of the sketches in the successful Broadway revue, *Call Me Mister*, and I have drifted into the field of stories.

On my return from the Navy, I was without funds, so I again found a gagwriting job. During one of my first days in Radio City, I encountered an old friend, Nat Hiken, who was, until recently, Allen's leading writer. Nat's tired face lit with a genial smile when he saw me. "Ah!" said he, with genuine warmth, "Welcome back to prostitution!"

Of course the guilt is a joke to Nat, as it becomes to all the old hands who master the art and come to understand what it really is. Gagwriting exists to solve the following problem: given an invention which enables millions of

Mr. Allen!

his former replacement, K...

MUSIC ... FADE ... ORCHESTRA

KENNY: The makers of Tender Love Tea and Sheriff  
The Fred Allen Show - with Fred's guest  
Mason; Portland Hoffa; Minerva Pious; Peter  
Parker Fennell; The De Marco Sisters; Al  
Orchestra; and my name is Kenny Delmar!

(MUSIC: "THEME" ... UP AND PAUSE ... ORCHESTRA)

PORT: Ladies and Gentlemen, this is our last program  
season. It gives me great pleasure to present you who,  
thirty minutes from now will be in bed.

(MUSIC)

PORT: Thank you. And good evening, Ladies  
Gentlemen. Portland, I heard you mention  
this is our last program.

PORT: Yes.

ALLEN: This is the last program the vice-presidents  
of snipping can cut the cord off.

PORT: Do you want to cut the cord off tonight?

ALLEN: Yes, I want to cut the cord off tonight.

PORT: That's a good idea. Let's cut the cord off tonight.

ALLEN: The last program the vice-presidents  
of snipping can cut the cord off. It's going to be  
about redneck.



people to enjoy a vaudeville act all at once, instead of a few hundred at a time over a period of years, how shall the amusement be maintained, week in, week out? The solution is to keep the form of the vaudeville act but renew its substance each week. Thus radio becomes a sort of doughnut machine of vaudeville, using fresh ingredients in each operation but always producing the same kind of doughnut. The renewable ingredients of comic vaudeville acts are jokes.

THOSE WHO carp at the sameness of radio miss the point. This sameness is purposely achieved each week at a high cost of energy and money. Every successful comedian has a style, an act, which the American people know and enjoy. The key to fame as a comedian is one's ability to maintain sameness of form while picking the brains of gagmen for new substance. It is the *bad* comedians whose shows lack sameness from week to week, who flounder from one idea to another, trying everything, imitating everybody, and achieving none of that recognition-warmth which makes clowns thrive.

In this respect Henry Morgan accomplished a *tour de force* during his first year on a major eve-

ning show. He has yet to evolve a standard act, but he has kept his show alive by sheer force of comic invention, devising and grinding up more funny ideas in one week's program than Jack Benny has to use in a month. His show is an ogre; I know, because for several weeks I helped feed it. The germ of sameness that gives the program popularity is Morgan's pungent, easily identifiable attitude of nose-thumbing at sacred cows. But Morgan himself knows that this is not enough, and his gag conferences are exhausting, because besides an immediate need for next week's jokes there is a recurring quest for form.

Not all comedians are successful. To picture radio as a robot spewing forth the same old stuff, whether or not it is welcome, is naive. Radio is slavish to the whims of the public. Heaps of gold go to a comedian just so long as he can hold the vast night-time audiences. When the popularity ratings decline, he finds it harder to stay on the air; he is shifted to a less advantageous hour, then to a smaller network; and finally he descends to the obscurity of transcriptions for local stations, or vanishes entirely. Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Bert Lahr, Milton Berle, Bob Burns, Henny Youngman, and Abbott and Costello are just a few

examples of skilled comedians whose shows have either failed to take hold or have slipped from the high places they held.

Abbott and Costello, after blazing up to immense popularity, dropped off sharply, perhaps because their act is so very thin that new jokes have not been enough to keep the formula alive. Milton Berle has changed his act in mid-career—a rare, daring stroke—and, discarding the style of hard-hitting monologist with which he won vaudeville fame, is playing a beleaguered buffoon. Jack Benny himself failed as a monologist before gaining his commanding place as the great American butt. There is ebb and flood in public favor, and the comedians who stay are either fortunate in an elastic formula, or wise in ways to freshen the basic act.

SOME VERY BAD comedy shows do linger. This is a result of the trade phenomenon known as “a shirt-tail ride.” A miserable show may precede or follow a giant like Fibber McGee, or, better yet, sandwich itself between two magnets like Hope and Crosby. Placed in such a spot, you or I, reciting the Eclogues of Virgil, might amass a higher Hooper rating than the Telephone Hour. The full-bellied listener, slumped

in his arm-chair, simply does not trouble to turn the dial. But the mill, though it grinds slowly, grinds exceeding small. It turns out in time that such inflated frauds get no listener-loyalty and are not selling merchandise. Off the shirt-tail they go—but not before they have inspired croaking choruses of criticism directed at radio comedy as a whole.

Possibly the prejudice of an apprentice in favor of his master makes me regard Fred Allen as somewhat outside the discussion, yet his case bears on the main point, the distinction between writing and jokewriting. At once a true humorist in the tradition of Artemus Ward and Bill Nye, an expert vaudevillian, and a gagman second to none, Allen is grudgingly admitted by the highbrows to have some merit. Buried in his scripts amid the slag-heaps of jokes are pieces of satiric writing of the very first order. Now let the critic who exclaims, “Why aren’t all radio shows on that level of merit?” glance at the array of blackbound scripts on the shelves behind Fred’s work desk, equal probably to half the Encyclopaedia Britannica in word content, and then tell me whether any man has ever written true literature in such volume.

The late Robert Benchley, sure-

ly an outstanding humorist, did a turn, in his last years, as a radio comedian. He made no effort to write his scripts but hired a brace of excellent gagmen to do it for him. He saw the picture clearly.

The art of the gagman, then, consists in drawing from himself weekly transfusions of jokes for an established vaudeville act, not in competing with the great masters of literary wit.

**H**OW IS IT DONE? Well, inventing jokes is rather like writing poetry, in this one sense: A sure instinct for the values in single words is needed. By way of illustration:

Foil: *How many hairs are there on a pig's face?*

Wit: *The next time you shave, count them.*

The analogy to poetry may seem remote. This example involves a crude insult, but I have heard audiences laugh out loud at it more than once, so by definition it is a gag; and, like the amoeba, it is a rudimentary form, easy to study. There are several known mutations of it, as:

Foil: *How many toes are there on a monkey?*

Wit: *Take off your shoes and I'll see.*

Foil: *How many ribs are there on a jackass?*

Wit: *Open your coat and we'll find out.*

The original is the best of the shoddy lot, as any gagman will tell you. On the surface the gags are alike: In a slightly oblique way they simply call a man an animal; but there are values in "shave" and in the straight imperative phrasing that make the line more likely to touch off the noise of laughter.

Here is another gag which makes the same point ("you're a pig") in a slightly subtler way:

Foil: *Here's a picture of me taken with a herd of pigs.*

Wit: *I see. You're the one with the hat on.*

The change of a single word would ruin this crack. *Hat* is crucial. *You're the one with the jacket on* would probably get no laugh, and any tampering with the rhythm, as *I can pick you out. You're wearing a hat*, would simply erase it.

Leaving these crepuscular wheezes, let us look for a moment at what seems to me an excellent gag from a Jack Benny show. Jack is in a death cell, about to be executed:

Benny: *If it were anything but that horrible electric chair! Gosh! After you turn on the current, how do you know when I'm dead?*

Warden: *We have one of those*



*new ones. You pop up when you're done.*

The balance of that punch line, the rhythm of it, the explosive placing of the key phrase "pop up" will be recognized by all gag-writers. It is as well-made a line, on its low grotesque level, as "Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," and the explosiveness of "pop up" is artistic, like the perfectly harmonious sounding of the word "choirs."

**B**ESIDES THIS feeling for word-values a gagman must have a sense of humor that is neither crude nor precious, but in the popular vein ("up the alley"—"on the nose"—"meat and potatoes" are the trade designations) and he must be capable of devotion to duty, because the demands of the work are stiff. There can be no procrastination; once every seven days a new show goes on; and there is no discharge in this war, except sudden disappearance from the payroll. It is a strangely limited trade in that there is employment in all of America for perhaps two hundred gagmen at one time; but haunting the agencies and the "head writers" will land young talent a job, for the fact is that this calling, with its fancy wages (\$500 a week is not rare), always has important vacancies.

I have not answered, in this discussion, the question that is asked of every jokewriter about twice a week: "But just *how* do you go about making up a joke, anyway?" I know no answer. Solomon should have listed a fifth final mystery after the way of a man with a maid: the way of a gagman with a pencil. My own work, as I look back on it, was mainly memory and mechanical ingenuity. I retained the patterns of the best jokes I heard or read and paralleled them in the subject matter at hand. But I have seen some of my nimbler colleagues produce japes like conjurers. They summon wheezes from the vasty deep—and the wheezes come. Take the classic:

Foil: *So you're an artist, eh? What do you paint?*

Wit: *I've spent my life painting men and women. "Men" on one door; "women" on the other.*

A certain jokester sat down one day and wrote that masterpiece, but I can no more imagine the state of mind that enabled him to do it than I can see into the creative spirit of Cervantes by analyzing *Don Quixote*. Creation, whether of mountains or mole-hills, is a perpetual wonder.

It remains to be explained, after I have pictured gagwriting as a useful and rewarding trade, why

this piece is a farewell. The life of a gagman, with its tension, its long, irregular hours, its high but uncertain pay, its color and excitement, is really bachelors' work— young bachelors preferably—and I, a family man entering the sere and yellow thirties, was already feeling, at some postwar gag conferences, a little like the Last Leaf. Also, I suffer from the writer's vanity of wanting to see my work in print, and the career of refueling vaudeville acts is one of perpetual anonymity.

**Y**OU AND I will continue to listen to Fred Allen and the others, and from time to time ask ourselves: Can it go on? Will not radio comedy, this vulgar art of endless transfusions of the same formulas, wear out its welcome? I think not. The old vaudeville acts lived by the audience turnover, and so do the new ones, on a vast, slow scale. The bright, disillusioned sixteen-year-old who guesses the jokes before the comedian gets them off is a familiar figure; but as his age-group stops listening, that of his young brother starts.

In later years, no longer under the sophomore's compulsion to be superior, many of the lost audience return and start listening again in an uncritical, loosened-waistband

way. It may fall on some ears as black pessimism, but my impression is that no end to radio comedy is in sight.

Recently I read a release of Tass, the Soviet news agency, describing a decree by which the proportion of Russian radio time had been fixed somewhat as follows: music, 60 per cent; political enlightenment, 20 per cent; children's programs, 12 per cent; and "miscellaneous," 8 per cent. This seems a spiceless alternative to our capitalist radio, for all our heavy reliance on vaudeville jokes and dime-novel gore, and for all our preposterous advertising excesses. The little box in the American living room works on the principle of issuing the noises that most people want to hear.

The thread of the discussion now trails into the mammoth caves of social criticism, where a more competent guide than I must take it up.

Somewhere in the gloomy labyrinth, the thread leads to the lair of that monster of a question: "Who shall rule radio—a bureau of experts selecting what is best for the people, or a group of capitalists trying to make profits by pleasing the people?" Pardon me if I stay out of reach of those crimson claws. I don't work here any more.

END

# The Hollow Heart

**A story of pride and desire**

**by M.F.K. Fisher**

WHEN Martha went to the door and saw Bob standing there, her heart did not beat faster nor did her cool voice change, although it was the first time she had been with him since the final decree more than six months before. Oh you handsome smiling devil, she thought with a kind of affectionate stoniness.

"Hello," she said, smiling back at him.

He came with ease into the familiar rooms, the way he walked into the Plaza or the Ritz, and they went to the little rear room that had always been the heart of the house, her mother's room with the desk and the ferns and the old magazines. Then he sat down neatly, with that same air of intimate warmth, like a sleek well-fed condescending tomcat. Martha watched him for a minute, full of amusement at feeling so calm and seeing him so unchanged.

"I was drinking sherry," she said, holding up her glass.

"No thanks," he said quickly.

"I know you hate it. But there's no Scotch."

"No. I'm on the wagon. Really."

"Since when?" He must be terribly in love, she thought, to do that. He looks it, very fit. Some girl's stronger than I was.

"Couple of months, anyway. It's not so bad. But tell me about yourself. You look marvelous, really marvelous."

M.F.K. FISHER turned to fiction after an unusual success at humorous writing about cooking (*How to Cook a Wolf*). Her first novel, *Not Now But NOW*, appeared earlier this year.



His shallow blue eyes smiled gaily at her, and she could see how easily he was breathing under his finely tailored gabardine with all the creases just so and the tie and the belt buckle, as if he still were in uniform. The fatness above his belly was gone. He looked marvelous, really marvelous. Martha grinned.

"There's not much to say," she said, feeling stupid before his gay politeness. "I'm fine, of course. And the children . . ."

"Oh God yes! How are they?"

"They're fine." She watched coolly how he bit once at his lower lip, and puckered his light feathery brows a little, and let his eyes go tragic for an instant. Late, but good, she thought. She waited until he had straightened his shoulders, silent gallantry in a little cape over them, a cloud about him. That's over, she thought. All the stops are in good working order, ready to be flicked in and out. He plays them all. He's all right. "They're fine. They love it here."

"Do they miss me?"

"Well, darling . . . at that age . . . and then of course they didn't see much of you for so long . . . Of course you probably know Dodie is here too, with her three. She's getting a divorce." He looked almost embarrassed at the amusement in her voice, as if it were vulgar.

"And Nan was here when I came, with Peter!" Martha kept on laughing, to tease him. Finally he laughed too.

"What does your father think?" he asked.

"He likes it. He calls this 'Ex-Marital Manor' in his worse moments, but he really loves having all the kids here, and they adore him. It's an odd set-up, of course . . . but fortunately we're three sisters who like each other." She thought of the house full of women, their little, tired father, the wild mixture of children so lively and so hungry. . . .

"Too well. You like each other too well," the man said, and Martha saw his full easy mouth whiten along the edges for a second, as if a bright eye flashed from a crack in a cave or a snake darted its tongue into the sunshine. Then he was gay again.

She drank at the sherry. "But you," she said urgently. She felt happy, in a cool way, that he had come at last. The months

of letters from lawyers, the suavity, the too-easy lack of quarrels, and the way everyone complimented her on how civilized the whole process had been: They all dissolved before this happiness, which at the same time was impersonal. She watched him shrug, and waited for the familiar signs of his next act. She had given the cue, and she wondered whether he would imply wounded misunderstood manhood or something more debonair—a well-bred wolf new-running from the den. The signs came. She sighed with a kind of relief. He was the wolf.

He looked mischievously at her, and his mouth curved in a half-teasing smile, one from which she hid her secret eyes because her twin sons had it too. "Me?" His smile flickered over her, taunting, daring. "I'll be made a partner in the firm in ten days. And I'm behaving outrageously, Babe. I'm on the prowl."

"I thought you would be."

"I always have been, of course."

She wanted to throw the rest of the sherry in his face, his smug, teasing face. But that would please him, who had so often asked for but never seen such a gesture from her. He was trying to make her angry . . . How angered he himself would be to learn that it was only boredom she felt! She stood up, still smiling, and said, "I'm going to the pantry for some more. Are you sure you won't have any?"

He stood up too, as easily as always, well-oiled. "Where's everybody?" He sniffed the air suddenly as if he scented something powerfully exciting.

Martha looked coolly at him. "Dodie has the twins and Nan's kid is in the park. Nan's marketing. We're between maids, as you may have guessed. And the children, or Peter anyway, won't be home until late . . . baseball. That leaves me alone with you."

She burlesqued the last words fatuously, feeling like a high-school girl ready to make a remark about the villain's etchings. But the man was against her. She could feel his heart beating through the cloth, the flesh, the ribs. Her heart was pacing it.

"Mart, Mart," he said softly, as softly as a ghost against her temple. "Mart, we still do the same things to each other. Mart,

you know that, don't you?" She was falling, dying, drowning, and she held on to the wine glass as another might hold to the idea of God.

There was the cracked voice of Peter in her ears. He stood in the doorway to the sunny little room. On the back of his head he had a beany cut from one of his grandfather's old hats. It was covered with autographs copied from magazines: Bob Hope, Lana Turner . . . His eyes were as blank as a cat's.

"Aunt Martha I came home early may I have a cookie?" he asked tonelessly, looking over her shoulder.

She left her free hand on Bob's arm. She had never run for a streetcar in her life, and she was not going to start ignominious leaping for the benefit of a twelve-year-old boy. She told herself so, sternly, trying not to feel sick.

"You remember your Uncle Bob, don't you, Peter?"

"How do you do sir may I take a couple of cookies?"

Martha felt helpless before his stern blank face. "Of course," she said, and he was gone. The air was stiff with shock and disapproval.

Bob puffed out his breath. "God," he said. "Kids are awful. Will ours be like that?"

"They're young yet. But I suppose so. I was going to get some sherry."

Everything was all right for a time. Martha put the cover back on the cookie jar on the sideboard, and in the pantry poured herself wine, noting abstractedly that the goblet she was using was bigger than necessary. While all the time she felt the man's eyes on her and knew that she was impervious again, covered with a kind of shell of chastity. The obvious fact that at least one crack in the shell had shown did not bother her: Peter's cold presence had sealed it. Of that she was sure.

Back in the little sitting room, Bob leaned against the soft cushions of the old fat couch, and she sat primly down beside him, as if he were the curate come for tea.

"I miss your mother, God rest her soul," he said. "I meant to write when I heard. This room . . ."

"Yes, we all do." Martha tried not to smile, hearing him say God-rest-her-soul. He always said that, in such an oily voice,



like a sleek priest, about people who had died: waiters, movie stars, politicians, his friends. Now her mother . . .

"I suppose the mess we got into didn't help," he muttered, and his head sank into his raised fists. She watched him dispassionately. He was being tragic. She recognized the whole act again. She wanted to yell at him that probably the mess and her coming home with the twins and then the divorce had given her mother one of the few bits of happiness on her death-bed. But why should she ever speak the truth to him? He would not recognize it, never having felt it in his private self. She felt stronger than he, superior.

He looked at her, quickly, and she saw his lips rimmed flashingly with white. The adder's tongue . . . He was angry.

"You're laughing at me," he said.

"No Bob . . . really."

"Oh Mart!" His face crumpled. She looked at it, and saw that he was going to be charmingly, boyishly sorry for himself. She felt very tired. He leaned near her, and sure enough the gay smile in his flat blue eyes clouded, and his mouth pulled down heartbreakingly.

Then he knocked the goblet from her hand, and she could feel his heart beating hard again, just as hers, to her great surprise, was beating hard too. She heard his voice, a ghost's voice, close against her temple. "We are alone, aren't we, darling? Didn't you say that? Mart, Mart, what you still do to me!"

She lay back against the soft fat cushions, her mother's cushions, willynilly. The man who had once been her love, her own true love at that, pressed heavily against her. She thought of the broken goblet: three that week . . . she was drinking too much, getting careless . . . it was almost time to make the twins' formula . . .

"Mart," he murmured ferociously, and she knew that her arms were around him. A drab, she thought clearly. A broken-down servant in a cheap boardinghouse waiting for that cute Mr. Murgatroyd who travels in silks to make his annual visit. A two-bit drab, waiting for the prettyboy to drop in for free.

Bob was looking at her, his eyes cruel as mirrors, with herself reflected in them tiny and distinct.

"Stop it," he said. "Stop! What are you doing, damn you?"

She said nothing, but she could feel her heart slow hideously in her stone-like body.

"You look like a wife," he said, and there was loathing in the way he said it so quietly. "You lie there thinking. Don't think. Don't always be putting things into sentences, with the commas just so. That's what you do." He sounded puzzled, as if he had at that instant bowed how-de-do to someone he had always known but never recognized as a social equal.

Martha lay silent against the cushions. She felt about an inch thick.

"I'm going." Bob stood up and put all his clothes into line again, automatically, as if he were still a soldier. "I'll send the twins something from town, something really nice. Do the payments come through all right?"

"Yes, thanks. Everything is in order."

"I still think you're a damn fool not to ask alimony for yourself. Other women do."

"I'm not other women," Martha said, and her lips were stone.

"I'm going," he said again.

"Thank you for coming," she said politely, still sprawled on the couch. She knew that if Gandhi and John L. Lewis walked through the door arm in arm she would not be able to move this way or that. Suddenly she asked in a childish voice, "Didn't you come on purpose, then?"

Bob stopped at the edge of the room. "Hell no," he said. "My boss had a date near here. I asked to be dropped off . . . thought I'd kill an hour. I can't keep him waiting, of course."

"Of course not. Good-by."

"Good-by, Babe."

She heard him stop at the cookie jar and then slide the lid back softly, the way Peter did when he was pretending to steal. The door slammed. She crawled into herself on the couch, bent in two with anguish, sick with desire and a dread of all the years ahead. She saw how her sons would smile at her, gay and urgent and teasing, and behind them would be the father, and there would be the times when she would twist in pain, knowing herself hollow with love, hateful and proud as stone. **END**

# MUST MARRIAGE BE FOR LIFE?

**An anthropologist proposes a  
new attitude toward divorcee**

*by Margaret Mead*

**W**HEN THE question is asked, "Why do men and women get divorces?" the answer is usually expressed in terms of broken hearts, broken heads, or broken furniture. He drank or she drank; he gambled or she gambled; he outgrew her or she outgrew him; the difference in their backgrounds was too great; they were sexually incompatible; she had a job and was away from home too much; she was too much interested in her home and would never go out; she was too much interested in the children or he was too little interested in the children; her mother interfered or his mother interfered; he met someone younger and smarter or she met someone richer and more successful—on

and on through a series of one-sentence summaries of individual tragedies.

But do men and women really end their marriages because of heartbreak, betrayed hopes, or a reawakened wistful desire to begin life over again? Or do they get divorces because of the divorce rate?

There are the statistics: so many marriages will break up this month, next month, next year, and the partners will be of predictable ages, races, religious beliefs, and status in the community. Is there no choice except between thinking of one's own marriage as highly individual—quite independent of rates, trends, or other large abstractions—or as a punch hole on a tabulating card?

It is true that people follow a trend. But there is a difference between saying that Susan and Jim are willing to face a divorce because divorces have become a

•DR. MARGARET MEAD, anthropologist of the American Museum of Natural History, first established herself as a challenging analyst of social customs with her famous study of sex in Samoa.



widely accepted solution, and saying that Susan and Jim are getting a divorce because so many other people have done so.

A divorce rate is merely an abstract way of recording the fact that in every community a great many marriages break up. Each such broken marriage does not necessarily cause more wife-beating or more adultery or more abuse of children. But each broken marriage does encourage in every human being who comes in contact with it, as partner, relative, neighbor, or just newspaper reader, the attitude that marriage is a state which is terminable.

As more and more marriages break up, more and more young people enter marriage as something which is not necessarily permanent, as one moves into the house one has wanted all one's life, but which one may, for any of a dozen reasons, have to leave after a while.

**I**N A SOCIETY with a divorce rate like ours, (in 1946 there were 610,000 divorces to 2,300,000 marriages—a ratio of one to four) marriage *has become a terminable state*. Our religion, our poetry, most of our marriage and divorce laws, still assume that everyone who enters marriage does so with the expectation that the union will

prove lifelong. Actually, although many starry-eyed young people and starrier-eyed middle-aged people enter marriage with the fervent hope it will last, almost no one, nowadays, even among the most religious, enters it with the surety that it will last. So men and women get divorces because divorces are the expected end to a marriage which shows any one of a thousand sorts of maladjustment and misfortune, the very maladjustments and misfortunes which have accompanied marriage since it was invented as a means of assuring care for women and children.

Those who believe most fervently that it is better for a marriage to be legally dissolved than to be maintained in mutual hatred or fear, have felt very bitter toward the religious groups which oppose easy divorce laws. They ask: Why can't the churches maintain their own religious codes over their own people? Why do they insist on laws which will interfere with the lives of people who don't subscribe to their religious attitudes on marriage? But there is a reason for the attitude of the churches. They know quite well that the danger lies in the increasing recognition of terminable marriage. They know that the belief in indissoluble marriage, once

shattered for the community at large, is very hard to maintain in the hearts of the moderately or routinely devout. And so they have fought a vigorous battle. This battle has delayed our recognition of what was happening, has slowed down the number of legal divorces in many states, and has postponed the development of new ethics to suit the new situation. But it hasn't kept the divorce rate down.

In the face of this rate, it is now possible to say clearly and definitely: Marriages in the United States are no longer the traditional Judeo-Christian-European contracts by which lifelong unions are established. They are terminable states, to which both partners, no matter how loving, devoted, or convinced of the values of home and children can bring an expectation of only conditional fulfillment. If society as a whole could treat divorces not as a sordid mess but as just one more grievous event in a world of change, wouldn't we thereby increase the possibility for good relationships between those who come together in marriage? Would the number of divorces increase if they were handled with dignified and admitted sorrow, rather than with anger, recrimination, and a sense of failure?

Those who are worried, for reli-

gious or moral or social reasons, about the steadily increasing disorganization of American family life, fear any step which may increase divorce. They cling to the hope that if we can keep divorce bitter and sordid, keep it labelled Failure, keep people unconscious that they are moving with a social stream, we can somehow keep down divorce.

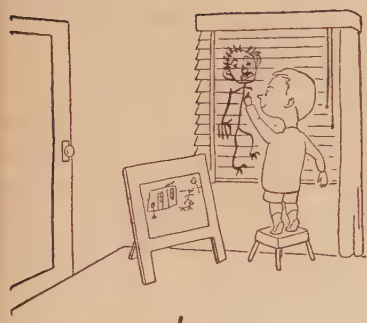
**I**T IS A FORLORN hope. How much better to abandon it and recognize that divorce is no longer a rare, socially repudiated tragedy, but the actual practice of our society. Such a recognition would hardly increase the number of divorces. But it might very well change the nature of divorces. Probably, too, it would have much effect on the kind of people who do the divorcing. Some of the Bills and Alices might find divorce a less ready weapon to their hands if it were no longer defined as a weapon. Some of the marriages now so torn with conflict that the children have no chance of good adjustment, could be broken up, and broken up gently, as one leaves a house one has loved. The move would be accepted as necessary and right.

Second marriages could be entered into minus the load of guilt and hostility which now hangs

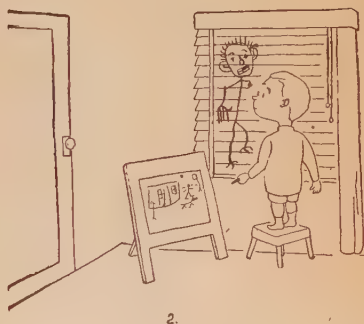
over them, thus making it doubly likely that those who have been divorced once will be divorced again. If we can change our attitude so that it is no longer necessary to blame people for acting as society has taught them they will be permitted to act, then friends

and relatives will no longer need to take sides. Each former partner can retain the support and affection of his associates, and so stand a better chance of building on what was good in the past, instead of dwelling defensively on what was bad in it.

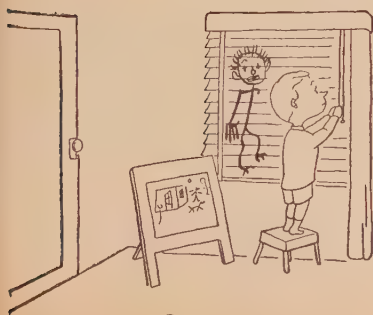
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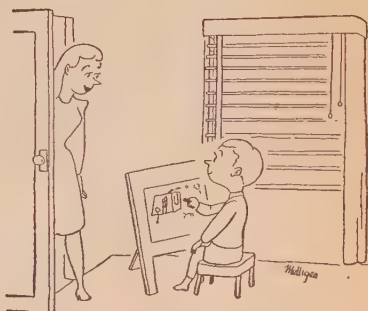
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# New York Nights

*by Fred Ringel*

**I** ENJOY PAINTING people and their houses, factories, and farms, flowers and gardens, river boats and churches. But I am most interested in the environments of man and the things man has made."

It is hardly surprising that an artist with such a credo should paint that supreme concentration of man-made things, New York, in series after series of paintings. Again and again over the years Ernest Fiene has portrayed the life of the city in lush and virile canvases. Not just its "pictorial" aspects or grotesque relics of the past, in the manner of a Hopper or a Burchfield, but its rivers, bridges, and ferries, the tearing down of its old brownstone fronts, and the raising of new facades.

Fiene's most recent paintings of New York, three of which are here reproduced for the first time, dwell on the unglamorous aspects of night-time Manhattan, cross sections of the passing scene, the smalltown neighborhoods that make up the many-faceted city, but they embody a feeling that

inevitably suggests the word romantic. They are storytelling pictures, rather than paintings of masonry and structural forms; somehow the human element is emphasized and a more genuine integration of figures and background achieved.

Behind this latest style lies thirty years of extraordinary productivity. Fiene immigrated to America from the Rhineland, and he has traveled throughout the U. S., Canada, France, and Italy; out of his experiences has come a rich stream of landscapes, still lifes, nudes, flowers, and portraits in every medium. The earlier paintings show the influence of Rembrandt, Breughel, Daumier; the later ones, that of the Post-Impressionists. But it was during a year's stay in France that Fiene discovered how much he had become a part of the American scene and the realistic tradition of Homer, Eakins, and Ryder.

Fiene is not a great innovator, but from all his paintings there speak the honesty and vitality which are his great appeal.



FROM THE ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES

Third Avenue is New York's dingiest thoroughfare. Pawnshops, bars, and tenements cluster under the awkward elevated trestle which links the Bowery with Harlem. Derelicts sleep in the doorways; children play among the "EI" pillars. But at night, under Ernest Fiene's romantic paintbrush, the shoddy brownstone fronts seem to acquire a mellowness like antique bronze.

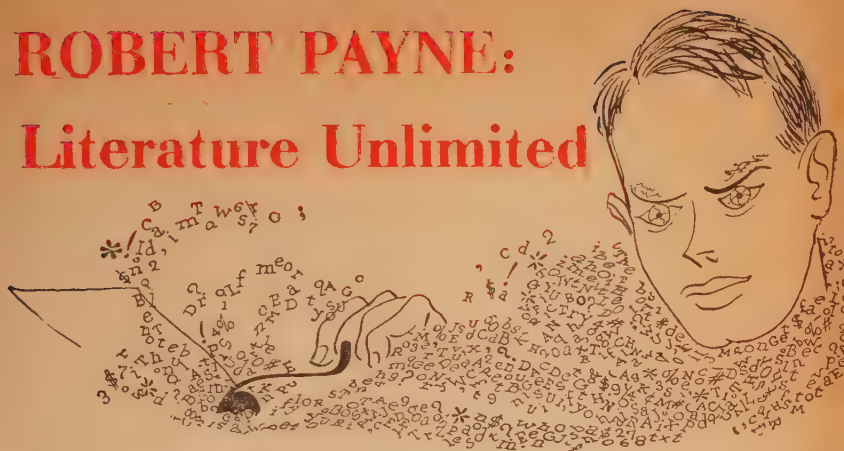


This section of Fifth Avenue, dominated by the old-world spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral and, across the street, the gleaming modernism of Rockefeller Center, seems impersonal and austere in the daylight. At night, however, the windows of the great stores glow almost festively, and shadows soften the angular architecture of the world's most famous row of shops.



# ROBERT PAYNE:

## Literature Unlimited



by Annalee Jacoby

**T**HE NIAGARA of the book world," says his agent. "He has six completely different titles coming out here this year\*—that hangs up some kind of record. But there are trunkfuls left. A phenomenon!"

"He's a poet," a friend explains, "shy, sensitive, impractical—"

"Impractical!" snorts the agent. "He knows exactly what he wants down to the last clause and the last per cent, and he gets it. He's a businessman, that one."

"Primarily an artist," decides

\* Already published this year: the lush *David and Anna*, a novel; *The Rose Tree*, a book of poems; *The Bear Coughs at the North Pole*, a novel; *The Revolt of Asia*, a political study. Scheduled for publication are: *The White Pony*, translations of Chinese poetry; *China Awake*, a personal journal. A few more will appear in England.

his publisher. "He designs some of the jackets for his books, chooses the type face, supervises the layout. His taste, his sense of color, are superb. A genius."

"A frightened, frustrated little boy," declares a social acquaintance. "He locks himself inside a dingy little hotel room and types until dawn—never knows what time it is. He's so fiercely shy that he's almost combative—vague, rude, stingy—dresses like an Airedale in a high wind. I simply can't believe that he's the person who writes those exquisite books. Escape from reality, I suppose."

"Escape from reality!" A Chi-

• ANNALEE JACOBY, war correspondent in China, Australia, and on Bataan, and former screen writer, is co-author with Theodore H. White of the recent best-seller, *Thunder Out of China*.

nese friend is indignant. "He stayed for six years in wartime China—six years of squalor, malnutrition, illness. It takes generosity and courage to endure that kind of reality."

"He's perfectly charming," sighs the publisher's secretary. "Exactly the way a poet should be—romantic and brooding..."

**B**UT ALL AGREE that for literary fecundity and versatility, Robert Payne occupies a niche all his own, a niche which has been incised a little deeper by the amazed rapture with which most reviewers have greeted his work.

Most of this work still awaits publication. At odd moments he has compiled notes for a history of European thought (which as of this moment he thinks will run to 1,200 pages) and for a life of Stamford Raffles of Singapore. He has written a fistful of plays; two sequels to his published novel, *Torrents of Spring*; a biography of Chiang Kai-shek; and part of the translation of the Chinese narrative, *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, which is 2,000 pages long and, Payne thinks, probably the greatest novel ever written.

Payne is also responsible for about 2,000 poems, a life of Buddha, and a life of Christ. During some fleeting instant he composed

a long novel about the Mogul Emperor Shah Jehann, and during another an anthology of European poetry (to be published next year) called *The Sacred Spring*. He intends to learn Sanskrit so that he may produce a companion volume of Indian poetry. Some day Robert Payne will be both the delight and terror of bibliographers.

Payne arrived in New York last year with seventeen books ready for typesetting. His plane circled, fog-bound, so tiresomely long that he began and almost completed a play between Newfoundland and New York. A few months, two books, several poems, and uncounted short stories later he asked almost pleadingly, "Do you suppose that if I go to California I'll be able to stop writing?" So he crossed the continent, and is now at work on three novels, the cultural history of Europe noted above, and several screenplays.

Payne's father is an English naval architect, his mother was the first woman medical student in the University of Lyons. There is a faint legend that on his father's side he is descended from Tom Paine. There is a faint legend that on his mother's side he is descended from the princes of Polignac. What is absurdly unlegendary is that it was a Polignac who imprisoned Tom Paine in the Lux-

embourg Palace and nearly had him killed.

He remembers crying, in 1918, over a paragraph which said that six million had died at war; he remembers a soldier who fell into an epileptic fit, the savagery and hopelessness of the kicking and tongue-biting and the froth at the lips; and he remembers motor-cycling to visit a Colonel Maitland-Maitland who once, as if to furnish the inspiration to a *New Yorker* cartoonist, parachuted from a dirigible followed by a butler carrying his suitcase.

He boxed, until he was licked by a boy half his size; for a time he was a prodigious Greek swot because he thought a bust of Plato atop a school locker immensely handsome; he studied pure science with the vague fear that, if applied, it would be faintly disgusting; he learned Greek, Russian, Chinese, five European languages, and dallied with ancient Egyptian; he was terrified by the sight of dockyard workmen sobbing at a dismissal notice, and then spent three years searching economics for the answer to depressions.

These enthusiasms, however, were briefly greedy and quickly satiated. Writing was to become his real passion, though he has been, during his thirty-six years, ship-

wright, tax collector, college professor, and foreign correspondent.

Payne's outstanding talent is for visual imagery which makes each of his paragraphs a painting and endows even political opinions with color and texture. It arose first with his family's move from Cornwall to the drenching sunlight and the valleys of arum lilies in South Africa. Or perhaps it began when he suddenly became stone deaf the same year. He rather liked the quiet and absorption of deafness, remembers being unconcerned when his hearing slowly returned, and also when his right eardrum was shattered years later by a bomb in Spain. Payne has always had great sympathy for Aldous Huxley's contention that it is better to pass through life half-blind and half-deaf. He has almost no tonal memory, forgets facts and statistics and distrusts them all, but can summon up detailed splotches of color as real to him today as when he first saw them in Africa or Malaya.

Apparently the central drive in Payne's complex character is his love for the sun, which plays as great a part in his life as it did in that of Van Gogh. One of his earliest recollections is his envy of his father, who would go aloft in an airship for the delight of seeing the Malvern Hills at sun-

rise, carrying with him a volume of German poetry. A passage in Barbellion's *Journal of a Disappointed Man* on sea medusae first filled him with the idea of writing—the passage was full of color and the glow of sunlit things. Valéry and Rimbaud, also sun-worshippers, influenced him greatly, during his early, pagan, South African period.

WHEN HE WAS twenty and a student at Liverpool, he forgot all about his determination to be a writer—for the sun does not often shine on Liverpudlians. Early in the war he was happy under Java's engrossing sun; and happier still for two years under the sun of Malaya, which coaxed out of him two novels and a mountain of notes; and happiest of all under the burning sun of the summers of Yunnan, where he engaged in a calm fury of literary production. "I don't think," he says, "I am ever happy except when sitting in the sun"; and it is easy to see the connection between this solar passion and the extraordinary feeling for color, brightness, glow, and the changing shapes of things under light that pervades so much of his work.

Writing, with him, is more self-hypnosis than craft. "It seems to be something like a trance," he

says. "You go down through layers of consciousness trying to find the brightest place; you then try to remain there, and from that place see the imaginary world you have created. For me it is very largely color, with the voices muted; sometimes you can drop into this place quickly, sometimes it simply isn't there. What is strange is the complete reality of the thing you see; you are simply watching the characters and taking it down, and you are entirely unconscious of the world around, with the result that a knock on the door or a telephone call can have an almost catastrophic effect—like waking a heavy sleeper roughly and finding him fighting mad."

Poetry, he suspects, is best written in intolerable sickness, a suspicion he has had confirmed by T. S. Eliot, who confessed he wrote his best verse when he had influenza and thought he was dying.

Payne cherishes a conscious and useful schizophrenia. He once created a character named Valentin Tikhonov, ransacked Tikhonov's mind for memories of the notorious White Russian sadistic adventurer Ungern-Sternberg, and signed the book with Tikhonov's name. For years after, he had the uneasy feeling that he must be Tikhonov. He sent Tikhonov's manuscript to a London publisher,



explaining that he had translated it from the Russian, and had been forced to omit sections for the sake of brevity—the book was inordinately long. He travelled to London to discuss the novel's publication, and virtually created another book-length piece of oral fiction about his relations with Tikhonov, speaking with warm respect of this great Russian émigré author. The publishers nodded and offered him tea. It was some days later, while an editor was lifting an oyster to his mouth, that it occurred to Payne to confess that novelist and translator were the same. Few things have given him a purer pleasure than the memory of that oyster hanging in mid-air.

**R**EVIEWERS WERE appalled by the savagery of the book\*; only an actual survivor of the bloody Mongolian campaign could have brought himself to describe some of the torture scenes, they agreed. At least three pages, it was reported, were calculated to make you sick. A former adjutant wrote from California to say that he was compiling a history of the Asiatic division, remembered Tikhonov well, and wanted more information. Payne learned with bewilderment and joy that the book

had been placed in the Hoover Library as a historical document.

He has two obsessions. One is that he has not long to work; that this spate of activity cannot last. The other is that something always happens to a country after he leaves it. He saw Europe with Hitler close behind him; he sailed from England just before the blitz; he left Malaya, and the Japanese landed. Civil war erupted in China when he went; Calcutta dissolved in mass rioting; and a few weeks of revisiting England were enough to bring on the worst winter in history. He has fears now, between books, of what will happen to America when he leaves, and occasionally wonders why nations do not ask him to remain within their boundaries as Official Good Auspicer.

Robert Payne has no particular political creed, though he has seen politics being violently made all over the world. Nor does he cling to any special literary dogma, except perhaps a somewhat old-fashioned belief in the permanent power of beauty. He likes to quote an exquisite sentence from Shen Tseng-wen about Shen's short stories: "If the whole world perishes, then I believe that if this story remains, the love of this girl will remain, and love will begin again in the world."

END

\* *The Mountain and the Stars* by Valentin Tikhonov. Heinemann (London).



Illustration by  
Lucille Corcos

# Bellagamba's Pheasant

**To stuff the stomach or the bird? A story**

**by Guido D'Agostino**

**I**T WAS early in the spring that Bellagamba first discovered that his wine was going bad. Coupled with the peculiar Concord flavor was another and more insistent one that lingered on the palate. For a time, Bellagamba wasn't worried. After all, he was a foundation contractor, not a vintner. His house in the country, his winery, and his vineyard were all a part of intelligent business. But when the wine turned really sour, Bellagamba got scared and called in Henri Challiou, the wine specialist.

It was scarcely a job for Challiou. However, he came up one weekend during a lull between more important pieces of work in New York. He was a big man, with a jowly, saturnine face, and a belly just beginning to take on an imposing curve. With a superior, cynical smile he inspected the massive concrete building Bellagamba had constructed for the winery. He tasted the wine, swished it around in his mouth, gargled, and spat it out. He closed his eyes and screwed his face into an horrible expression of extreme pain.

"You fix," Bellagamba said, nervously shifting his eyes from one huge vat to the next. "You put in the medicine so be good enough."

"Good enough! Good enough!" the Frenchman repeated in exasperation. "*Nom de Dieu*, that is all I ever hear. There are

• GUIDO D'AGOSTINO has written several novels of immigrant life in America's big cities. His latest book, *My Enemy the World*, a tale of violence in downtown New York, was published last month.

two things that are never good enough—wine and food. You dump this all out. Next year I will show you how to make a good wine.”

Then Bellagamba broke down and confessed his need. It was all right for his clients—he could give them baskets of peaches and apples instead of wine. But eight hundred gallons of wine!

CHALLIOU SHRUGGED his shoulders and went to work, taking samples from the vats for analysis. As Bellagamba watched, his anxiety faded. There was something in the Frenchman's manner that filled him with confidence. He grew expansive, strode back and forth across the concrete floor of the winery, trying to be amusing. “Salamangonia, my pick and shovel men! When the wine she is free they drink like the pigs. The sour make no differenza. But when comes to pay for the wine! Bah. Go to hell, my pick and shovel men!”

Challiou laughed. He leaned over and opened the window. The day was brilliant. In the sky, little tufts of white clouds drifted slowly. . . .

Suddenly a shrill cackle sounded. Bellagamba heard the cackle, too, and rushed to Challiou's side. Both of them saw the pheasant appear suddenly over their heads, sail along, low, over the vineyard, and settle in one of the brush fields.

“He come back! He come back!” Bellagamba began to shout excitedly.

Challiou didn't answer. His gaze was fixed on the spot where the pheasant had landed.

“Salamangonia, that pheasant! Never I see such a beautiful bird. All season I hunt. Every day, every day until my legs they go no more. I was think some bastich he shoot my pheasant. Now he come back. Is him, I know. I watch from last year when was just a lilla bird.”

“Pheasant is better when it's not so old,” Challiou said. But his features took on something of a glow of inspiration.

“No, no,” Bellagamba objected. “Is no too old. Perfect. Got a tail big like this. Is young and beautiful. One day in the car I see him. Zip, with the wheels I try to hit him. But he smart,



that fellow. One jump quick and good-bye Joe. But now we catch him sure."

"You have guns?" Challiou asked.

Bellagamba rushed from the winery. In a few minutes he came back with two shotguns and a box of shells. He had one of his men take off his overalls and give them to Challiou. Challiou balanced the gun in one hand and then the other. He raised the stock to his shoulder with satisfaction. Before they started down through the vineyard, Bellagamba offered a few words of caution. He pointed to the white house and barn in the distance.

"Is over there bastich people we must be careful. So, we no hunt pheasant—we hunt rabbit. Is no open the season for the rabbit either. But the rabbit they come and they eat the vegetables, so is okay if we shoot. The guns we keep low and when the pheasant go up—bang, bang—and we make believe we look for the rabbit. Onderstand?"

They moved slowly through the vineyard, the place where the pheasant had landed spotted between them. Bellagamba stole along, nervously fingering the trigger of his gun and glancing from side to side. Challiou's gaze never wavered. They entered the next field, pushing through a tangle of brush and blackberry brambles. Fearfully Bellagamba watched the white farmhouse draw nearer.

Challiou allowed Bellagamba to approach the quarry on a straight line while he made a wide detour to get behind it. The plan worked. When Bellagamba flushed the bird, he had his gun ready and was able to fire two shots in rapid succession. The pheasant rocked for an instant, regained its balance and went soaring on. But Challiou was waiting on the cross shot. His aim followed the path the pheasant was taking and worked ahead until it was leading the target. Almost as the report came, the pheasant folded and tumbled to the ground.

**B**ELLAGAMBA forgot all about his fright and the proximity of the white farmhouse and rushed forward with a cry of triumph. Breathless, he ran his fingers over the brilliant plumage, over the velvet-blue mask of the eyes, finally allowing his

fingers to glide lovingly over the full length of the magnificent tail. "Never I see such a pheasant before," was all he could say.

Now Challiou began his own appraisal of the bird. He started at the feet, examining the spurs, which were just beginning to point out from little round knobs. He shook his head doubtfully and ran his hand over the plumage. Last he opened the mouth, held the lower part of the beak between his thumb and forefinger and exerted a slight downward pressure. His doubt heightened. Just a little more pressure and the beak snapped back like a twisted quill. Doubt gave way to a broad and beaming smile.

"Why for you do that?" Bellagamba shouted, trying to snatch the pheasant from Challiou's grasp. "Why for you break the peck?"

"To see if the bird is tender."

"Tender?" Bellagamba gasped.

"*Mais oui*. To see what would be the best way to cook him."

"No," Bellagamba cried in a tearful rage. "My beautiful pheasant what I watch all year and hunt till my legs they go no more, he is no for the pot. He is to stay like alive, to show what he is. I have him fix nice. I put him over the fireplace where everybody see."

It took Challiou a little while to understand. Then he gripped the back of his skull and raised his eyes to the sky. "*La belle chasse!* Stuffed! On the fireplace, to gather dust. What an end. *Sauvage!*" he hissed into Bellagamba's face. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be possible. He took Bellagamba's arm and made him sit on a rock while he tried to explain.

"The wine you make is lousy. Why? Because you don't love wine—because it is always good enough, even when it is bad. Because your head is full of cement, just like the winery you built, and you do not understand anything else. Show, display—that is all you know."

Bellagamba tried to get up. Challiou pushed him back on the rock. He stuck out his tongue. "What about this? What about the taste? *Nom de Dieu, il ne peut pas comprendre!* What is it to kill a beautiful bird and stuff it? It is murder. The bird is more beautiful when he is alive and he flies. Ah, but to

kill the bird and then to use intelligence, understanding, and create something that thrills the palate by its perfection—that is what makes hunting glorious. That is what raises it from a level that is vulgar and bad . . .”

The little Italian contractor didn't seem to get the idea. He sat on the rock, the dead pheasant across his knee, impatiently waiting for the Frenchman to exhaust himself. Challiou tried a different attack. He lifted the pheasant tenderly from Bellagamba's knee, allowing the body to hang pendulous.

“Now listen carefully, my friend. You hang the pheasant like this, in a cool place. One week? Ten days? I say, just until the stiffness goes out and the muscles become limp. Now, very carefully you pluck it. But dry—always dry, and careful not to tear the skin. Next you draw the bird, saving the liver, the heart and the gizzard. Cut off the feet and the neck. Scald the feet in boiling water to remove the skin. With the feet and the neck and the heart and the gizzard you put an onion, a carrot, a little thyme, laurel, salt, pepper, and you start your stock for the gravy before anything else . . .”

CHALLIOU PAUSED rapturously to study the effect of his words. The Italian's face was becoming brighter. He started to open his mouth, but Challiou restrained him with a glance.

“The bird you shape nicely, legs forward, wings in place. Then you lard slices of lean salt pork across the breast, the legs, almost the whole bird. On the top, butter, and then in the oven for maybe thirty, maybe forty minutes. Next you chop the liver fine with a knife. The stock is almost cooked. You strain, and without boiling you cook the liver until it looks like a dark paste. Fine. Then you put two slices of bread in the oven for toast. On the toast you put the juice that drips from the pheasant. On top of the juice you spread the liver. On top of the liver the crisp salt pork from the pheasant and you serve toast with the pheasant. *Nom de Dieu*, what a triumph!” Challiou ended breathless. “Next week I will come myself to cook this pheasant! I will bring what I have saved specially for this. Pommard! Vintage 1928. Two bottles. The best for the best. Wonderful.”

Bellagamba was already on his feet—smiling, laughing. He took the pheasant from Challiou's hands. "Salamangonia, you make me hungary. Today, right now, I have my man kill five the best chickens what I got and you cook just like you say."

Challiou's cheeks bulged. Anger mounted in a cholerick line on his forehead. But he managed to control himself. He turned one long look of scorn on Bellagamba and went marching back through the vineyard.

Bellagamba grabbed up the two guns under one arm, the pheasant under the other, and staggered after the Frenchman. "Is too beautiful, my pheasant. Is no for the pot," he kept protesting to Challiou's back.

They were about half way to the house when a voice thundered at them from up ahead.

"Hey there, you guys!"

They both looked up at the same time and caught the glitter of brass buttons. A smile formed on Challiou's lips. Bellagamba immediately dropped the pheasant and started to push it with his foot under the tall grass between the grapevines. "You talk! You talk!" he cried, scowling at Challiou. "Over there in the white house they see everything and they telephone the village. Whatsamatter, I sit down listen to you! Now we pay. I know how this work."

Challiou calmly folded his arms and said to Bellagamba, "For me it is better to pay the fine than to do what you will do with that pheasant."

"Go to hell, if I pay the fine," Bellagamba said through his teeth.

The policeman came right up to Bellagamba and thumped him on the chest. "What the Christ is the matter with you? Why don't you go right down in the mayor's back yard and hunt pheasants?"

"What pheasant?" Bellagamba said.

With a smile the policeman reached over and yanked up the pheasant. Bellagamba changed color. "The goddamn pheasants they come here eat up all my grapes. When comes to pick, I got no grapes. So, I shoot the pheasant like the rabbit what eat my cabbage . . ."



"Like hell," the policeman said, "the pheasants could eat your house right down to the ground and you couldn't shoot them. This means a fine of at least fifty bucks, Bellagamba."

"We will pay the fine," Challiou said. "We broke the law and we will pay." There was a hint of triumph in his voice.

"You keep quiet," the policeman said. He seemed chiefly concerned with Bellagamba. "A lucky thing the game warden wasn't down in the village. A damn lucky thing it was me who came up here instead."

"Twenty-five buck," Bellagamba offered. "Is just like the gravy for you."

"It ain't the money, Bellagamba. I'd have to make a liar out of old lady Forster over there. She swears over the phone she say you both shoot the pheasant and then stand there arguing."

Bellagamba glowered at Challiou. "Twenty-five buck," he repeated to the policeman.

THE POLICEMAN shook his head. "I don't know, Bellagamba. I'll see what I can do. But you don't have to worry about the money. Just make it a couple of gallons of that wine you got. Jesus, that last bottle you gimme was fine stuff!"

"Pthew!" Challiou exploded.

Bellagamba pulled out his wallet and slipped two \$10 bills neatly into the policeman's pocket. The policeman pretended not to notice. He moved closer to Bellagamba and asked in a confidential tone, "What's the matter with him?"

"Is the pheasant. He say is for the pot. I say, no, is too beautiful for the pot. Is for to stuff. Is for everybody to see."

The policeman nodded understandingly. He went over to Challiou, took him familiarly by the arm and drew him over toward Bellagamba.

"Now, there ain't no use for two friends to get busted up on account of a lousy pheasant. I been hunting pheasants ever since I was a little kid. I know how this thing can be handled so you both will be satisfied."

Challiou suddenly appeared alert, interested. Bellagamba smiled broadly. Once again he held the pheasant up to the sun and admired its beauty.

"First, before anything else," the policeman began, "you take the pheasant down to the taxidermist. There you have the bird stuffed. For the eating, you tell the taxidermist to save the breast. The hell with the legs and everything else. Then you take the breast and parboil it with some bicarbonate of soda to take out the strong gamy taste. Then you finish cooking it in a cream sauce—you know, a little flour and milk mixed together. That's the real way to eat pheasant."

Bellagamba was elated. He stood ready to hug the policeman. Challiou's reaction came more slowly. The words were not of his own language and he had to struggle with the idea. In short, he had actually to cook the pheasant in his mind according to the policeman's recipe before he could grasp the significance of his words.

Bellagamba jumped about happily. "Next week! On the ice I will keep the breast. You, Challiou, will bring the wine, Pompom 1928. We will invite the policeman here. Salaman-gonia, what an idea!"

A slow pallor settled over Challiou's face. His body swayed unsteadily. His eyes had something in them of the expression of a dying animal.

The next thing Bellagamba and the policeman knew Challiou was running toward the house as fast as he could go. Then they saw him with his valise making off down the road toward the village and the railroad station. Once he turned to look at them. It was to yell at the top of his voice, "Crut!"

END

## 47 *Pre-print*

## The Power of the Camera

In the pre-camera era of 1933, only one dead heat was recorded on American tracks. In 1936, when cameras came into general use, there were 115 dead heats and now every year there are more than 350 races in which even the camera cannot separate the winners. This proves either that the placing judges did need glasses, or that horses are becoming more gregarious.

—Walter Steigleman

From *Horseracing*, to be published this month by Prentice-Hall



*"We disliked the Communists first—Mr. Truman can't take that away from us."*

# Up in Benchley's room

**Somehow or other, the late Bob Benchley's hotel suite kept turning into a zany museum**

*by Nathaniel Benchley*

**T**HE ROOM was only twelve feet by twenty, but it held such a monumental clutter that when my brother brought five friends in to sleep on the floor after the Harvard-Yale game, Father walked through without noticing them.

My father had never intended to begin a scavenger collection or found an institution; he simply wanted a work-place convenient for someone tied down by the weird hours of the theatrical business. It had long before become obvious that he could not see a show, then write a review, and then commute to Scarsdale. So he found a room—actually two rooms—at the Royalton, a small hotel on West 44th Street, just a hundred-yard dash east of Times Square, and soon anyone who discovered something bizarre enough to be thoroughly useless brought it or had it shipped to Robert Benchley's room.

He, naturally, got used to the room, though he once said plaintively, "I have a horrible premonition that some day soon they are going to drag around a railroad car named 'Gleeber's Falls' or 'Angostura' and ask me to give it a home." But the room completely baffled newcomers, and a certain amount of folklore grew up around it. It was easy to believe that almost anything could happen there. Actually, nothing much did.

It all started when he first saw the place; the walls were a deep cream color, with dark mahogany baseboards and trim, and the windows were cross-latticed, so that each pane was diamond-shaped. Even in the glaring nudity that is a semifurnished hotel room, it looked Victorian. "So they

● NATHANIEL BENCHLEY, the late Robert Benchley's son, is a humorist in his own right and an editor in the movie and theatre department of *Newsweek*.





Illustration by Jan Balet

think they're Victorian," he said. "I'll show them what Victorian *really* is."

His first move was to get a dark red rug, and red drapes to cover the windows and shut out all the light. Then he put a red, tasseled cover on the table in the middle of the floor, and placed brass student lamps with green shades at strategic spots. These gave the room the eerie look of a Pullman sleeper. Bookcases lined all four walls, and three pictures of Queen Victoria, one framed in red velvet, hung between the windows. He littered the free wall space with every kind of picture available, from Breughel to Thurber, and this completed the rudimentary furnishing. The rest was done by relatives and friends.

YOU ENTERED the room through a small hall, filled with trunks, stacks of old newspapers and foreign magazines, bound volumes of magazines, overcoats, canes, a sword, bills, telephone messages, a deer's skull, and other items not often used. Inside, to the left, was a blue couch, known as "The Track," or "The Wirephoto Couch." The first name came from Father's habit of observing, "Well, guess I'll have a short workout on the track," as he hurled himself down for a nap.

The second name resulted from the fact that the couch had a rough, ridged cover from which you arose with your face streaked horizontally—as in a wirephoto.

Next came the secretary's desk, a small, table-type affair with a beat-up portable typewriter. Father's first secretary, a Mr. MacGregor, had contributed several valuable objects, among them a knotted rope to be thrown out the window (which was on the tenth floor) in case of fire, and a small collection of books. The books were preserved for the sake of their titles, which included *Forty Thousand Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts*, *The Culture and Diseases of the Sweet Potato*, *Ailments of the Leg*, *Talks on Manure*, and *Bicycling for Ladies*. They stood on a shelf, under a glassed-in model of an early Hudson River steamboat.

Behind the big chair, next to the secretary's desk, were a cello and a music stand, the gifts of someone to whom my father had absent-mindedly remarked that he would like to play the cello. The music on the stand was dedicated to him, but he never got around to playing it, though he did tune the cello once or twice.

Between the drape-covered windows a bookcase stood chest-high. That case was really the cause of the whole collection. He had

wanted some knickknacks for the top of it and started by acquiring several china geese, globes which make snowstorms when you shake them, and gruesome little figures carved out of roots. Then his friends pitched in, and in a short time the overflow was out of hand. He found himself swamped with, as he described it, "old busts of Sir Walter Scott, four-foot statues of men whose shirtfronts lit up, stuffed owls, and fox terriers that had lain too long at the taxidermist's." He got rid of many of the larger and more sordid items, complaining "I didn't mean that I was starting a whaling museum."

One entire wall, from the bedroom door to the hall door, held bookcases and, where there was any space left, framed pictures from the old comic weekly *Life*. A closet was sandwiched between the bookcases and contained, among other things, a banjo mandolin, glasses, a fireman's hat from Worcester, Massachusetts, a hot plate, several empty flasks and decanters, peanut butter, paper-covered sugar lumps, a jar of the New England boiled dressing with which my mother kept him supplied, and a three-foot cocktail shaker in the form of a lighthouse. There was also a two-headed calf, but he was not fond of it. It kept

him out of the closet. He had had, moreover, to put up bail for the friends who brought it to him, since the local police had impounded both them and the calf, on general principles.

THE BAR, barely necessary to meet the needs of the moment, was usually located on top of a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and consisted of a large thermos jug for ice, some assorted glasses, and three or four bottles. There were also three decanters, marked "Scotch," "Rye," and "Sherry." The Scotch and rye decanters could usually be trusted, but the sherry was a catch-as-catch-can jug for anything from muscatel to mouthwash. A small bottle, labeled "Hot Drops," really held whatever sherry there was.

On the opposite wall were general reference books, some assorted pictures, and three signs: "We All Speak English," "Mr. Benchley, please," and "Why Can't You Write?" To the right of my father's desk a door, leading into the bedroom, was covered by a set of bead curtains brought from a bordello in Marseilles by a friend. Over the door hung five beer mugs, a sign which said: "Silence," and a blue-green cloth bird, under whose tail "1903" was written in beads. Past the bead curtains were

more bookcases and a filing cabinet with a cross index of all the thousand-odd books in the room. The bedroom bulged with a bed, dresser, and clothes cabinet. Under the bed was a rowing machine, never used, and at the head was a rented sun lamp whose eventual rent more than doubled what would have been the purchase price.

THE BEDROOM'S DRAWBACK was that it faced 43rd Street, on which were (a) pigeons, and (b) a fire station. At any hour of the day or night the fire department, lurking apparently under the bed, would take a deep breath, gather itself together, and hurl itself shrieking and clanging through the room. But for some reason my father resented being catapulted from sleep by the fire department less than being roused by the pigeons. Early in the morning they perched on the window sill, gargling and muttering, and when he chased them off by snapping a towel at them they went across the street and continued their depraved business, only louder, so that he would be sure not to go back to sleep. At one point he toyed with the idea of buying a gun, but the prospect of having to learn how to use it, plus the rather strict police rules about shooting across New

York streets, made him give it up.

Father did not enjoy being awakened and MacGregor was the only awakening agent with finesse. He knew how useless it was to say merely, "Get up," and he knew also how infuriated my father could be if he came in clapping his hands or banging on a tray. So he would approach quietly and say, "The men are here for the trunks." By the time my father had started to worry about not having packed any trunks and not knowing that he was going anywhere, he was sitting bolt upright, as wide-awake as a first baseman. MacGregor sometimes alternated with: "Some men are here to flood the bed for skating." This had the same effect.

Orderly characters, particularly women, were maddened because things were put in their functional rather than their usual places. The bottle opener, for instance, was not on the bar but was just around the corner on a shelf in the closet. It was easier to reach that way. The clean towels, atop a pile of books at the foot of the bed, were more accessible to a person with wet hands than they would have been in a drawer. And the adhesive bandage, far from being in a prosaic place like the medicine closet, lay beside a piece of jade on a table in the living room, be-



cause my father felt that was the most likely place for it. Pictures of the family he kept in drawers, and he tucked pictures of himself under the ragged shirts which he saved, meaning to give them away.

An English visitor once came in and was fascinated by a cigarette box on the center table—the kind that pushes up cigarettes when the lid is lifted. But there were never any cigarettes in it. This man lifted the lid a couple of times and stared fascinatedly at the bottom as it rose and pushed phantom cigarettes through little holes near the top. Finally, he sighed and said, "Well, I daresay it has its advantages."

The first time Noel Coward visited the room his opening remark was, "So this is your little rose bower . . . Well, I must say it looks *lived in*."

WHEN FATHER was in Hollywood, homeless friends used the room and you could always tell if a comparative stranger had taken a bath recently, because the water would still be in the tub. The drain-plunger stood on the floor behind the shower curtain, and the uninitiated could never find it. The lamp shade in the bedroom was too big and would always fall askew, and you had to balance it just right to keep

it from smouldering. The dial on the radio was off synchronization, so if you wanted a station at 770, you turned to 830 and fiddled.

It was impossible to be formal in the room, because the furniture was so constructed as to make the occupants relax, if not fall asleep. One chair was so low and comfortable as to be a trap; my father sometimes spent most of the day there. The signs and pictures on the walls could also be relied upon to take the edge off any attempted formality. And the masses of books formed a potential threat, since the facts on almost any subject were readily available to anyone who might try to get pedantic.

One night he called the police because a commotion on the street was keeping him awake, and two rather ill-natured officers arrived to talk the matter over. Within fifteen minutes they had their coats off and their feet up. When they left, the senior officer skidded on the freshly-soaped lobby floor and did a full gainer into the reservation desk, but seemed to think nothing of it.

When we turned the room back to the hotel people, it took them two weeks, working eight hours a day, to get it cleaned out.

We left MacGregor's knotted rope for the next tenant, just in case.

END

# Still Time

## for Good Sense



**Five minutes' thought could convince America and Russia they have a common cause—survival**

**by Bertrand Russell**

**H**ATRED, VIOLENCE, and greed have always played a large part in the relations of nations, but hitherto there have been limitations on the malevolence of mankind. Now, thanks to science, these limitations are becoming less and less effective. In the very near future, if "A" and "B" hate each other, they will be able to do to each other all the harm that in their most savage moments they might desire.

The human race, consequently, is faced with a new situation: It must alter its political habits or

perish. Fabre's observations on insects showed that they always prefer the latter alternative, and it is to be feared that *homo sapiens* will prove no wiser. But as long as there is hope that the crisis may be solved by a victory of good sense, we must do what we can to clarify the issue and indicate the road to its solution.

The important facts are simple: Modern developments in the art of war have made the attack much stronger than the defense, with the consequence that if another world war occurs, each party will be able to destroy the enemy without being able to preserve itself. I do not assert this absolutely; I dare say that if in the next war there are two hundred millions on each

● BERTRAND RUSSELL is the great English, or more accurately, planetary philosopher. His first book, on mathematics, appeared before the Boer War; his most recent, *A History of Western Philosophy*, during World War II.

side, one side will emerge with a hundred survivors and the other with only ten. The one with a hundred survivors may then claim a glorious victory.

It is therefore imperative, if we desire the survival of any of the things we value, to find some way of preventing great wars not merely in the immediate future but for a long time. And in view of the present menacing condition of the world it is necessary to solve this problem quickly. We cannot wait for the slow maturing of new habits of thought, or the gradual subsidence of passions generated by past conflicts. We can, by diplomatic makeshifts and compromise, put off the outbreak of another world war for perhaps as much as twenty years, but longer than that, if matters are left to old traditional procedures, we may not reasonably expect peace to survive.

It is as clear as noonday that only one thing can make world peace secure, and that is the establishment of a world government with a monopoly of all the more serious weapons of war. This world government will have to have under its orders an army, a navy, an air force, and a stock of atomic bombs. In order that the loyalty of the armed forces may be above suspicion, it will be necessary that they should be com-

posed, not of large national contingents, but of units of mixed nationality; every regiment, every battleship, every air squadron will have to contain members of different national origins, all of whom will have to be trained from the moment of their recruitment in a new loyalty superseding the old national loyalty.

The international government must interfere with national governments only in what concerns the preservation of world peace, and more especially in the punishment of aggression. "Aggression" may be defined as any act of war not sanctioned by the international authority.

This is the minimum of what is required for the world's peace. Something of this sort must be established within the next twenty years, or else the greater part of the human race must perish, while the remainder returns to a primitive barbarism.

In the movement to bring atomic energy under international control, America has shown an initiative which is specially honorable in view of America's temporary monopoly. The Lilienthal and Baruch reports were admirable and deserving of the support of all sane people. The reception given them, however, was not encouraging. The Russians suspected

a trick. But, trick or no trick, the Soviet Government felt that the idea of unchecked international inspection was intolerable, and yet it is, of course, entirely obvious that apart from inspection any scheme of international control is utterly futile.

Some of the best features of the Lilienthal report, for example the Atomic Development Authority's monopoly of mining rights in uranium and thorium throughout the world, were dropped in the hope of conciliating Russian opposition. But even so, the Soviet Government was not convinced that the scheme had been rendered futile, and was therefore unwilling to agree to it.

However reluctantly, I have been driven to the conclusion that the Soviet Government foresees within a few years a situation in which it could win an atomic war. We may therefore expect its policy, if the West permits, to be one of temporizing until that time comes, while refusing steadfastly to agree to any plan which would make an atomic war impossible.

**O**N THE QUESTION of the international control of atomic energy, the public opinion of the world is opposed to the action of the Soviet Government. I think that America should take the lead in

organizing a Grand Alliance of all those powers that are willing to consent to some such scheme as that set forth in the Lilienthal report.

This alliance would, I am convinced, quickly come to embrace the whole world except Russia and her satellites. It should then be possible to bring such pressure to bear upon Russia as would compel her to agree to the measure of international control that all other nations had accepted.

Supposing, however, that such a policy were successful and that the A.D.A. were firmly established in the control of atomic energy, we should have solved only a part, and that not the most difficult part, of the problem which faces mankind if a scientific civilization is to prove capable of survival. So long as the A.D.A. controls only atomic energy, it will not, if war should break out, be in a position to defend its plants against national armies.

A war would inevitably begin by raids on its factories and stores. Each side would very soon find itself in a position to manufacture atomic bombs, and at the end of a few months the last vestiges of international control would disappear.

In spite of these limitations, I think the international control of



atomic energy is an enormously important first step. It would, in the first place, show that an international organization concerned with war is possible, and would train a body of men possessing the knowledge and experience required for any kind of international government. In the second place—and this is very important—it would remove the possibility of atomic Pearl Harbors. As things stand, as soon as more than one power possesses atomic bombs, each side, whenever there is a tense situation, will be obsessed by the fear that the other may at any moment destroy leading cities, power stations, and industrial centers, and may in this way win the war before it has begun. A state of fear of this kind is one in which negotiations are very difficult, and in which mutual suspicion makes the preservation of peace almost impossible.

On these grounds I should welcome with most profound relief the acceptance of any adequate system of international control of atomic energy.

But if, when this measure has been achieved, there is a general sigh of relief, a feeling that now the world is safe, and a cessation of constructive international thought, then I fear before long there will be a rude awakening.

The further steps involved in the establishment of a complete international government are indispensable if lasting peace is to be secured, and there is a real danger in the present concentration of attention upon the atomic bomb.

**I** AM AWARE that at this point "practical" men, that is to say men who have not enough imagination to see what the situation requires, will shrug their shoulders and say: "But what you are asking is impossible and contrary to human nature; wars have always existed and will always exist; our business is not to prevent wars, but to make sure that they are not destructive beyond a point."

It is this very common attitude that makes the difficulty of our problem. There is, in fact, no way by which we can make sure that great wars, if they occur, will not employ all the worst weapons of destruction, including radioactive clouds and bacteriological warfare. Indeed, very sober scientists are suggesting that the complete extermination of all life on this planet is a not improbable outcome unless something drastic can be done.

If the establishment of an international government by agreement is despaired of, if mankind is so



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN S. CANDELARIO-F.P.G.

stupid as to prefer annihilation to five minutes' thought, there is another method, painful and uncertain, by which some part of the same benefits might be achieved. If the next world war is not too long postponed, it is possible that one side may be victorious before its own civilization has been completely destroyed. The victors might then decide to disarm all other nations and to establish, on

a national rather than on an international basis, that monopoly of armed forces without which the world cannot be safe. This method of reaching our goal is in two ways objectionable. First, it involves a new world war, and in the second place, it issues in an imperialistic domination by one power, in which the rest of the world would acquiesce very unwillingly.

The issue that must be decided in the very near future is the most important with which mankind has ever been faced. It is whether increase of knowledge and skill is compatible with survival, or whether men are so incurably savage in their passions that only ignorance as to how to satisfy them can enable them to survive. Is the world to be reduced during the next few decades to a small remnant of its present population, living in prim-

itive conditions of anarchic poverty? Or can we continue to enjoy the advantages of the civilized way of life which has gradually been built up on the basis of a skilled technique?

These are questions vastly transcending all national interests, and it is completely frivolous to consider them in nationalist terms. All mankind in every part of the globe will be happier if they are solved; all mankind in every part of the globe will suffer unspeakable misery if they are not. If the problem of war no longer perplexed our efforts, we could, with our present skills, rapidly achieve a measure of happiness such as the world has never known. There is now no technical reason why there should be poverty anywhere, since each man's labor is able to produce, with modern techniques, as much as



POST-DISPATCH PICTURES—BLACK STAR

each man needs for a reasonable level of comfort.

So long as the danger of war persists, it may be questioned whether an increase of productive skill does anything to further prosperity, since it makes it possible to set apart a larger portion of the population for the business of war than could be used for this purpose in communities that are less advanced.

The problem of the abolition of war is not insoluble, and I am convinced that it could be solved within the next few years under United States leadership, if American statesmen were firm and bold in pressing upon the rest of the world the utter necessity of a new kind of political thinking and political organization. It is difficult to change old habits; that, indeed, is one of the main troubles of our time. Science changes material things faster than it can change ways of thinking. In the age of the atomic bomb our political thinking is much what it was two hundred years ago. We know that a densely populated modern country depends for its survival upon the enforcement of law, but we do not yet realize that a densely populated planet depends equally upon law. Until the relations of nations are as much governed by law as the relations of citizens within a nation, it will be impossible to feel that civilization is secure.

Mankind is finding it difficult to realize that in the face of this new issue old quarrels have become absurd. Arabs and Jews, Hindus and Moslems, Chiang Kai-shek and his opponents, the French with their archaistic fear of Germany—all these are like sailors quarreling over a coin

while their ship sinks, and forgetting in their mutual rage to take refuge in the lifeboat. But it is not only the smaller or the weaker nations that fail to realize the gravity of the situation. The great quarrel between Capitalism and Communism is no doubt important, but both systems require the existence of human beings. When both sides have exterminated each other with bombs, bacteria, and poisonous vapors, there will not be much left of either Communism or Capitalism, and both sides will look equally foolish to the survivors, if any.

**I**T SHOULD BE the policy of those who understand the appalling possibilities to postpone even this debate until such time as we can be sure that it will be conducted by peaceful means and not by war. And in any approach to Russia it should be made clear beyond all doubt that there is no intention of interfering with either the political or the economic structure of the Soviet Republics, and that we are concerned solely with measures for the prevention of war—as to which, in a sane view, there is not one iota of difference between the interests of the United States and the interests of Russia. It is desirable to be conciliatory in everything except what is of most



importance, namely, the establishment of a genuine international control, first over atomic energy and then over other major weapons of war.

All other issues should give way to this, except that each side must preserve its liberty in its own internal affairs, for without this proviso no settlement is likely to be stable.

CIVILIZATION is a very recent thing. Man, it is thought, has existed for about a million years, whereas civilization began about 6,000 years ago, and what has been achieved in the advance of civilization during the past 400 years exceeds what was achieved in the 5,600 years that preceded them. It is no wonder that men have difficulty in adjusting themselves to such a changed (and changing) environment.

Whenever we allow ourselves even a small amount of mental laziness, we think and feel in ways that would have been appropriate enough in the wars between Xerxes and the Greeks but are utterly beside the mark in the world that science has created.

There have been cases of kings who have been declared of age on their fourteenth birthday; such kings have rarely begun their reigns with a display of mature

wisdom. But this is exactly the position of the human race at this moment; it has the power of an adult, but the folly and impetuosity of a child. If it is to survive disaster, to grow up within the next few years, to become aware of man as opposed to the separate races of men, it must concentrate attention upon the human heritage for which our generation is responsible to its successors.

To sacrifice the future of mankind to our momentary squabbles would be treachery towards the human race.

I know that it is difficult to think in this way when all of us have been brought up to attach importance to sectional interests, to those of nation, or creed, or class, or color, but this difficult effort we must make if we are to have a world in which our children can live and not die.

The issue is terrible in its importance, and appalling in its imminence. It cannot be solved by thoughtlessness or by careless optimism. It can be solved only by hard thinking and bold action. And it is not only fear that should inspire us, but also hope, for if we can succeed in averting disaster we shall, by that very act, create a world free from all the major evils by which our imaginations are now oppressed.

END

# FOUR CAMERA PARALLELS

by Gjon Mili

*With a note on the photographer by Jean-Paul Sartre*

• The following was written by the famous French novelist and philosopher to introduce an exhibition of Gjon Mili's photographs last year in Paris.

**H**E HAS the head of an ant-eater. His nose, sniffing the scent of the world, precedes him as if it were about to plunge suddenly into an anthill. Beneath the nose, far to the rear, follows a little mustache. The rest of his face—eyes, cheekbones, agitated hair—reminds one rather of a Montenegrin bandit. He has the look of a hunter, a carnivore.

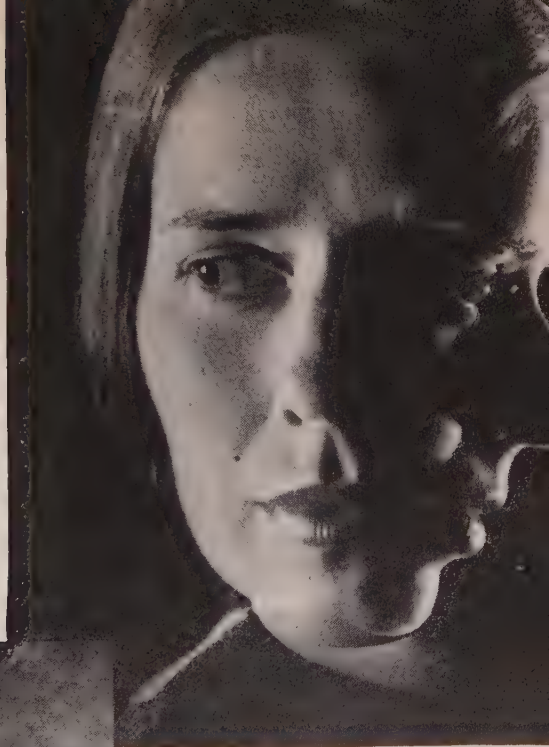
Before I met Mili I had been familiar only with those thin-blooded photographers who take pictures out of a kind of resentment, as one kills something. Mili is without resentment; he likes everything: eating, drinking, dancing. Harlem he knows better than any white man; New York he knows better than anyone. He is happy. He does not want to kill you—far worse, he wants to catch you alive. Even in the best photographs, you are no more than an embalmed corpse, preserved in hyposulphite, while your true be-

ing is continually altering under the pressure of eternity. But Mili traps you all alive, all raw; in his photograph you keep on fighting with yourself, like a fish in a net. (Look, for example, at the extraordinary juggler on the inside cover, continuing his legerdemain on the very picture itself.)

This Mili is a man-trap. He is full of sleight-of-hand tricks that put you off guard. He is not satisfied merely to catch celebrities in his camera; he makes every picture a test, a trial. For him there are as many ways of being photographed as there are people. If he makes you a part of his collection, he will not only pin you, all alive and struggling, to his specimen board; but, beyond that, he will have observed you, he will know you through and through.

The primitives of the South Seas, we are told, refuse to allow themselves to be photographed, believing that thus they are made forever captive to the photographer. To understand their wisdom you need only look at some of Gjon Mili's portraits.

*Jane Eakin*  
—Mili



*Dora Marr*  
—Picasso



*"Half full-face, half-profile. . . . Through this device Picasso interprets character. The camera, perhaps, can do the same—or make an amusing try at it, anyway. Picasso's model is Madame Marr; mine the young American artist, Jane Eakin."*



*Nude Descending  
a Staircase*  
—Mili

*Nude Descending  
a Staircase*  
—Duchamp



*"When Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descended her Staircase* at the Armory Show in 1913, she kicked up quite a fuss. My photographic parallel is intended less to startle than to divert. Though also abstract, it turned out more concrete than Duchamp's original, in certain places."*





*"Once, watching Martha Graham dance, I began to see her as endowed with as many moving arms and legs as the Indian God Siva. Back in the studio, I cajoled Miss Graham into turning her back to the camera and executing a simple knee-bend and circular arm motion. The result: Siva-Graham."*

—Sculptor  
Unknown



**Martha Graham**  
—Mili

Rubinstein

—M

Brahms

—von Beckr

*"I had some difficulty persuading Artur Rubinstein to sit for a photographic parallel to this famous painting of Brahms, until I said, 'I know of only one greater pianist than you.' 'And who is that?' he challenged. 'Brahms,' I said, 'because he could play the piano and smoke at the same time.'"*



# The Trouble with the Democrats

**Is it the party of Truman, or Hague, or Rankin, or Arnall—or no party at all?**

**by A. A. Berle, Jr.**

**A** WELL-KNOWN figure in the Democratic Party once sent an emissary to ask me to write a set of speeches which would help him win the Democratic nomination for the presidency. I asked what the statesman wanted to say and what policies he wanted to advocate. His agent answered, quite simply, "That's up to you. Put in whatever you think will help him along."

This did not even strike him as funny. (What may have struck him as funny—or at least, odd—was my refusal to write the speech.) For him and his colleagues, policies had no real meaning. For him the Democratic Party existed to get people into office and to keep them there. The real

trouble with the Democratic Party is that in terms of principle, and as a country-wide party, it doesn't exist. It is not a party but a national aggregation of local blocs and machines, each reflecting and exploiting local situations, and mainly interested in local offices, which have no bearing on national policy.

Its largest bloc is, of course, the "solid South," Democratic chiefly because the Republican Party fought the Civil War against it. Actually, the South is far from "solid"; within it there is little local unity. The Democrats who supported Arnall of Georgia have little or nothing in common with those who supported Bilbo of Mississippi. A rock-ribbed conserva-

● ADOLF A. BERLE, JR., close adviser of the late President Roosevelt and a prominent New Deal Democrat, is now chairman of the Liberal Party, an independent group that can influence major parties by granting or withholding endorsement of their candidates, and may swing the balance of power in a close election. For a liberal Republican's criticism of his party, see *My Not So G.O.P.*, by Bartley C. Crum, '47 October.

tive like Democratic Senator Byrd, with his Virginia machine, is not within shouting distance of Senator Pepper and his group in Florida. They agree chiefly on the Democratic label, on mutual respect for each other's patronage, and on Presidential nominations.

The second big bloc consists of the huge city political machines. These are tyrannous, self-seeking, and frequently corrupt; but the big city populations steadily prefer them to the reactionary, "respectable," big-business, high-price, high-tariff, and "hate-Roosevelt" Republicans, because the Democratic machines do, as a rule, support progressive social legislation when some leader is enlightened enough to propose it.

New York City is generally dominated by Tammany Hall and its allied machines; some New Jersey cities, by ex-Mayor Hague and his relatives and satellites; Chicago, by the former Kelly machine. Massachusetts Democrats rally around Boston's Mayor Curley (presently enjoying the hospitality of a Federal jail). To a less extent the same is true in Cleveland, Kansas City, and Detroit.

Most of these machines do not give a hoot about national policy. In New York, for instance, there has often been an "understanding" between the city Democratic ma-

chine and the Republican overlords. The terms are simple. If the Republicans will let the Democratic city machine alone, guaranteeing its control of the municipal patronage and perquisites, the Democratic city machine will not compete seriously for the state government or for the New York vote in a national election.

To the average Tammany Democrat, the jobs, contracts, and power of New York City are the real objectives. If he can be assured of that, why should he go awandering in a dangerous national field, where a man must think, and work, and nobody but the public benefits? Many informed observers are convinced that Governor Dewey has re-established this handy and respectably historic arrangement, and is the beneficiary of such a tacit understanding now.

As for state-wide or national measures or policies, most city politicians would not know either a principle or a policy if it came down the street with a cowbell attached. Those who do know the difference frequently find good reason for keeping their views to themselves.

These two major sections of the Democratic Party are supplemented by a third. In the West, especially on the Pacific Coast and in the north central region, there



is always a tide of healthy American revolt, and, in addition, a very free primary system. The revolt generally shows itself by bringing to the fore progressive Republicans like Senator Morse (at whom other Republicans look with a faint shudder) and rebel progressives like LaFollette. But it also often shows itself in upsurges of progressives or radicals in the Democratic Party.

These three groups, with a number of minor local additions, combine to make up the national organization of the Democratic Party. Note the word "organization." That is not the same as "the vote." For the Democratic Party's actual control over votes is relatively limited. The New York City Democratic machine, for instance, can count on a steady 650,000 votes. But the total vote in New York City in a big year will run to around 3,000,000, of which the overwhelming majority will be Democratic—enough to carry the state for a Democratic President or Governor. This submerged segment is only nominally part of the Democratic Party. It votes for men and policies—when the "organization," which is strictly a monopoly for nomination purposes, gives them men and policies to vote for. At other times it "protests" by staying home.

Nevertheless, the Democratic Party does put a national ticket into the field and from time to time wins elections. And this is not an accident. In the last half-century, the Democratic Party has succeeded when it has been unified by a national crisis—as in the eras of Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt. Usually the stimulus was a national depression, or an international crisis (as in 1940 or 1944) which forced the country to pull itself together in plain self-defense. In



all three eras, the organization which controlled the Democratic nominations put up progressives—and swept the country. In the absence of crises, the Democratic organization sometimes has simply broken down, as after the defeats of Alton Parker (1904), or James M. Cox (1920), or of Alfred E. Smith (1928).

A clear distinction should also be made between the Democratic Party and a Democratic national administration. In recent years, a Democratic president and his ad-

ministration, even when they had a majority in Congress, frequently had to develop a party of their own. President Roosevelt governed by holding together a loose coalition made up of independents, some progressive Democrats, some progressive Republicans, and the city-machine Democrats who wanted patronage and had no interest in policies. It is interesting to note that, from the party point of view, the Democratic organization did not recognize as "Democrats" even national officers of

CULVER SERVICE



Cabinet and sub-Cabinet rank—despite the fact that they were registered as Democrats and held high office.

To an organization Democrat, party registration means nothing. From the city-machine angle, the important thing is whether a man is a member of the Umteenth Ward and its Joe Q. Doakes Democratic Association. The most eminent public servant in Washington may register Democratic in the same Umteenth Ward—but the district leader of the Umteenth Ward probably hasn't heard of his registration, wouldn't be much interested if he had, and usually will fight tooth and nail any suggestion that such a man be nominated for public office.

When they do emerge, the men of stature—for instance, Mr. Justice Brandeis of Massachusetts, Mr. Justice Cardozo of New York, Attorney General Biddle of Pennsylvania, or Secretary of Defense Forrestal of New York—come into the picture because a President appoints them, not because the party has put them forward.

I have said that in terms of principle the Democratic Party doesn't exist. There are, of course, Democratic statements of principle. There exists now, for instance, a Democratic platform representing the pledges of the

Democratic Party to the American people. So far as I know, only one man in the party reads it and really takes it seriously, and that man is President Truman. But this document seems to have little, if any, influence on many of the Congressmen on whom Truman must rely to get his measures through. At all events, a bloc of Democratic Congressmen has consistently voted with the Republicans on a program of special interest legislation as diametrically opposed to Democratic pledges as could be found. The result is that the Democratic Party in Congress, which should today be the recognized opposition, has been defeated ignominiously. A minority party can be beaten in Congress without disgrace: It is a minority. But it is unpardonable for it not to affirm a set of policies and principles for which the public can vote at the next election. That is what an opposition is for. A bloc of Congressmen dependent on local machines and without a national nucleus of ideas is apparently unable to do even that. Senator Barkley, Democratic Senate leader, has done his honest best; but Democrats have wandered off in all directions.

The difference between the Republican and the Democratic Parties is just this: The Repub-

licans are about forty years behind the times, doing their darndest to recreate the good old days of McKinley and Taft. They feel, uneasily, that the bulk of the United States has heard of the atomic bomb, and of Russian imperialism, and of economic depressions, and of the danger of inflation, and of the need for a well-distributed national income, and of protection of labor, and of conserving natural resources, and of protecting the citizen against monopoly, and of giving the country adequate defense. But McKinley didn't have to fuss with those things, so why bother now — and anyhow who is to challenge the Republicans' stand in favor of political inertia?

As for the Democratic Party—which did have in it men who knew about these things, and which has on occasion mobilized popular sentiment—it has dissolved into a mob of aspirants for local jobs.

That is why great masses of the public are beginning to ask for a new party alignment—through a new party if need be. This is one time in which the bulk of the public is far ahead of the politicians in either machine. The Republicans, by their very nature—and the nature of their financial backers—are committed to oppose liberal legislation no matter what. The

Democratic Party as a national force has blown up. President Truman is making an honest attempt to remobilize it, but he is getting precious little help. The Southern bloc is uneasily considering the Arnall type of progressivism. Some city machines seem quietly to be making truces with local Republicans to safeguard their city patronage and let the country go.

The Democratic liberals, in California, for instance, are trying, and perhaps succeeding, in shaking the Communists and fellow travellers out of their hair, but they have no assurances that once that is achieved the other two segments of the party will give them even gallery seats in a convention.

The Democratic Party has twice been the vehicle for mobilizing progressive and liberal thinking in the past fifty years, and twice has backslid. The Republicans have not even tried since the time of Theodore Roosevelt.

Party machinery is a part of the government of the United States. Its business is to frame issues, present the public with a choice, and develop the men who can carry out the choice when made. It is plainly not doing that today. If the two dominant parties don't provide that choice, a third will surely step into the gap. **END**

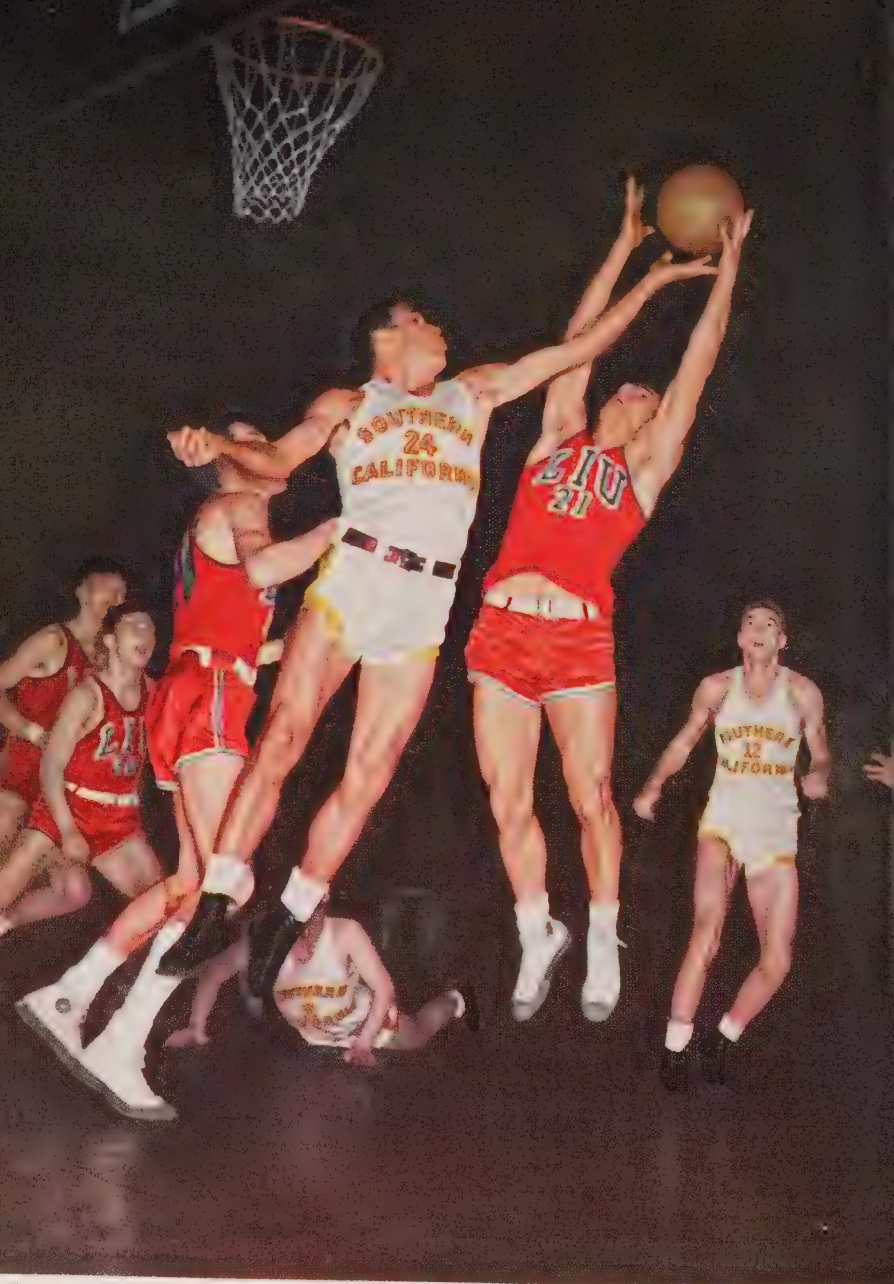




Breaking for the basket is Francis Curran, star of last year's sell-out East-West game

# THE REAL NATIONAL GAME

*Photographs by Hy Peskin*



Long Island's Art Tropin (21) and Southern California's Joe White (24) struggle tensely



ound off the backboard



The most excited fan in the crowd is Glen Lawlor, Nevada's coach

**T**RADITION assigns to baseball the title of America's National Game; statistics give it to basketball. Although comparatively new to the big time, basketball attracts more spectators (almost 100,000,000 last year) than any other sport. Since 20,000,000 people throughout the world, including 8,000,000 Americans, spend a good proportion of their leisure time tossing a large leather ball through two remodeled peach baskets, it may some day come to be called the International Game.





In a mid-court scrimmage, Hoffman steals the play from the East's Crossin



# REFORMING OLD MAN RIVER

**A 200-acre model that can reproduce past floods answers the Mississippi's age-old threat**

***by John Pfeiffer***

**F**OR THE first time in history, engineers have a plan for controlling the Mississippi, a river which shares with China's Yellow River the honor of being the world's most expensively restless waterway.

From tiny brooks and cow-pasture streams scattered over a third of the nation, from creeks and rivers draining an area larger than Scandinavia, France, Germany, the British Isles, and Italy put together, the waters of the Mississippi converge in a whiplash channel that has never been disciplined. The water is forever cutting new scallops and sweeping bends, and sometimes slices right across narrow necks to shortcut great curves of the river. Virtually the entire river bed that La Salle successfully navigated more than two centuries ago is now dry land.

In the old days, cut-offs repeatedly shifted boundaries, so that

farmers might, and often did, go to bed in Louisiana and wake up in Mississippi. After one cut-off in the 1860's, inhabitants of Delta, Mississippi, found they had to row upstream two miles to reach Vicksburg, a trip that had formerly been a three-mile drift downstream. Worst of all, despite levees, dredging, and dams, the great river has cost billions of dollars, thousands of lives, and countless acres of crops—in floods.

Now at last the engineers believe they can transform the Mississippi from a rugged individualist with a long history of criminal deeds, into a socially conscious citizen. Their plan is taking shape at Clinton, Mississippi, where experts of the Army's Waterways Experiment Station are building

● JOHN PFEIFFER, Science Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is the author of *Science in Your Life* and numerous technical articles.



This map of the 1,244,000-square-mile Mississippi basin, which stretches from the Appalachian to the Rocky Mountains, shows the area reproduced in the army's 200-

one of the most elaborate and complex models ever designed, a \$3,000,000 large-scale "map" of the entire Mississippi watershed and river system. The great basin—1,244,000 square miles from

New York to the Continental Divide and from Canada to the Gulf—is represented in about 200 acres of rolling land. More than a hundred concrete runways represent the Ohio, Missouri, Tennessee,



acre flood control model. By studying the action of rivers and dams within this miniature of the vast watershed, engineers hope to learn the cause and cure of floods

Platte, Arkansas, and other major tributaries; 15,700 miles of navigable waterways take up less than eight miles on the model. A series of fifty-foot miniature mountains represents the Rockies, while the

elevation of Baton Rouge is scaled down to a mere two inches.

The theory back of the model is that it is impossible to control waterways locally. The best levees and modern dams may save prop-



This aerial view of a section of the model river shows it in its meanderings from Arkansas to the Gulf of Mexico

community in some other part of the Mississippi system. Heavy spring rains may fill a reservoir along the Muskingum River in southeastern Ohio. That prevents local flooding, but since the reservoir has to be unloaded before more rains send torrents pouring over dam tops, engineers must release water slowly enough to swell but not flood the river. Those who live along the Muskingum are safe, but what about men and women along the Ohio, which picks up water from the Muskingum and from many other rivers with reservoir systems of their own?

If high water in some of these rivers happens to coincide with subflood levels on the Muskingum, the Ohio itself may swell to dangerous proportions. That means it is vitally important to know what is happening meanwhile along the Tennessee. If the overflows from TVA reservoirs are not synchronized properly with similar operations more than 450 miles away, the Tennessee may add just enough water to that of the Ohio to swamp Cairo, Illinois—just below the junction of the Mississippi's two major tributaries—and flood the entire lower Mississippi Valley.

The Army will use the Clinton model to study such possibilities, and to relay the information to engineers at key points in the

erty and lives in one valley, but only at the expense of another





PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER COMMISSION

Two engineers study the river flow in a section of the model where the Atchafalaya joins the Mississippi. Channels are reproduced to scale and can be adjusted at will

watershed. Besides the 100-odd existing flood-control dams, national plans call for another hundred more within the next ten years, and every one of them will be represented as a tiny concrete bulkhead on the vast three-dimensional map. Buried pipes with inlets at the ends of miniature tributaries and reservoirs are fixed to send water tumbling along cement spillways, down a 2,000-foot lower Mississippi, and into a one-acre Gulf.

The whole system is to be run from a central control station, like the master signal tower of a great

railroad yard. This administrative and executive hub will include enough panels, dials, meters, and electrical wire to outfit an electrician's heaven, and will be connected to more than 1,500 river-height gages scattered throughout the model's 200 acres. A single engineer, working at the master control panel high above the model, will play the role of Superman. He will be able to produce all past deluges—and disasters not yet imagined—by simply setting a few dials, each linked to electrically controlled taps.

It will be a matter of minutes to simulate the worst part of the great 1937 flood, which swamped half a million homes and killed 900 persons. Adjusting the "Ohio River" and "Allegheny River" knobs, an engineer will be able to send about a cubic foot of water a second shooting past Vicksburg (the actual flow is more than 2,000,000 cubic feet a second), thus creating flood crests high enough to bubble over the lower Mississippi concrete runway.

Since the model has a time scale of 5.5 minutes to 24 hours and the maximum flow in the 1937 flood lasted about four days, the crucial stages of the experiment should take just 22 minutes. On the same scale, the devastating flood of 1927 would pass through its peak in less than a quarter of an hour. Trial runs such as these are expected to provide information, not only on how to regulate the over-flow from existing dams, but where to put new dams.

The entire project was thought up during the 1937 flood, which demonstrated once and for all that dams without dam coordination are not worth their weight in watered-down concrete. After that disaster, Gerard H. Matthes, a Holland-born flood expert and director of Vicksburg's experiment station, sold the plan to Ma-

jor General Eugene Reybold, then in charge of the flood control work in the lower Mississippi area.

Not that things started humming immediately. There weren't enough workers to go around until the war solved Matthes' labor shortage by providing a supply of 1,700 Nazi war prisoners. The group, including former toy makers, carpenters, electricians, and surveyors, managed to finish about a third of the project before V-E Day. The team of American engineers and Nazi prisoners built washboard ripples into the concrete rivers to slow down water-flow—just as in rough dirt-and-rock river beds. They also took care of another stubborn problem—unexpected rainstorms. A good cloudburst could wreck a carefully planned experiment if the water were allowed to roll down miniature mountain sides, spurt into rivers, and cause floods that would inundate the model's entire Southland. This risk was by-passed with an intricate drainage system ending with a pipe large enough for a man to stand in, which channels off most of the rain before it gets out of control.

The model is not yet complete. Unfinished work includes the central control station, and installation of river-height gages. Also, many rivers—such as some of the

northwestern tributaries in the Great Plains region along the Missouri—have been omitted until they can be surveyed accurately enough for precise scaling-down. If sufficient funds and workers are made available (the last German prisoner left more than a year ago), the job should be done in about a year. But this represents only a fraction of what needs to be done. There is still the task of integrating the system with the power control plans of the Missouri Valley Authority. And engineers are in general agreement that if a truly efficient job is to be done, all plans and systems must be brought under a national civilian authority modeled on the TVA. President Truman has indicated the magnitude of the task by calling for a ten-year flood-control plan and an expenditure of four billion dollars.

The primary function of the Mississippi model will be to co-ordinate such installations as the \$158,000,000 Garrison and Fort Randall Dams on the Missouri, the Harlan County Reservoir on Nebraska's Republican River, Cherry Creek Dam in Colorado, six large-scale dams in the Arkansas basin, and many other dams along the upper Mississippi and the tributaries. The lower Mississippi is not an immediate problem, although

some experts have little respect for the levee system that has hemmed the river into a narrow channel and sent water levels soaring. (The first levees were four feet high; now they are up to twenty-five or thirty feet.) This involves local authorities in endless repairing and rebuilding. A few engineers speculate about a levee-less lower Mississippi with new dams, perhaps located by means of the Clinton model, that will permit the river to flow sedately into the Gulf.

But die-hards, even less impressed by such plans than by models and dams, present or contemplated, point out that the world's greatest river is still unconquered. They share the feelings of Mark Twain's Uncle Mumford who, in *Life on the Mississippi*, said of the experts' big plans: "Well, you've got to admire men that deal with ideas of that size and can tote them around without crutches, but you haven't got to believe they can *do* such miracles."

Uncle Mumford may be right, but the engineers hope not. The idea that floods are as inevitable as fate makes good melodrama but poor science. Engineers deal in planning, and if the river is ever reformed, it will be because someone had a plan and put it to work. The Mississippi model is a significant step toward such a plan. **END**



# LEND-LEASE

## FOR PEACE

**Hard cash spent for the  
Marshall Plan will pay off  
at home as well as abroad**

***by James P. Warburg***

**I**RONICALLY, the anniversary of an almost forgotten armistice once again finds the United States faced with a great decision involving the peace of the world.

The Marshall economic program for European recovery confronts the U. S. with the fourth great decision it has had to make in a single generation. Two of those meant war, two meant peace; all were of equal importance.

The first challenge was met

• JAMES P. WARBURG, as a government economic consultant, OWI official, international banker, and author of several books, has been a maker of, as well as a writer on, American foreign policy.

when Woodrow Wilson declared war on the Kaiser's Germany. That war ended on a November day, twenty-nine years ago, in a railway carriage at Compiègne—ended in an *armistice*—not a peace.

Our second great decision was the rejection of Wilson's peace.

The third came in 1941, when we decided to throw our weight against Hitler's Germany.

Now we have come to the fourth historic choice—whether we shall use our power to start the world on the road to economic recovery or, by withholding it, doom the world to prolonged misery and



perhaps extinction. It is very much like the choice that confronted us in the great Lend-Lease debate of early 1941, when Britain stood alone against the rising tide of Nazi conquest. Then, too, we held in our hands the power to save the world from conquest and oppression, or to doom it to slavery.

Then, too, the Soviet Union was the great unknown quantity. We had to make—and did make—our decision without knowing what Russia's final position in the war would be. Now we must make our decision without knowing what will be Russia's final position in the peace. Today it looks on the surface as if Russia has elected to split Europe and the world asunder rather than co-operate in rebuilding and uniting both. It is well to remember that in 1941 it looked as if the Soviet Union had chosen to become a partner in the second German bid for world conquest—but that in the end Hitler's dream vanished at Stalingrad.

We came out of World War II stronger than ever before. Where others had to scratch and scabble for the bare necessities, our chief concern was merely how to control a postwar boom so that it might not blow up in our faces.

But now, suddenly, we learn that the ground of our imagined security is slipping away from under

our feet, that Europe faces economic disaster and political chaos, and that, if Europe disintegrates, not only our prosperity but our national safety will again be threatened.

Our feverish efforts to meet this situation began on March 12, when President Truman, in his now famous message to Congress, proposed one foreign policy. Scarcely three months later, his Secretary of State put forward another and quite different proposal.

In theory, the so-called Truman Doctrine was accepted. That is to say, Congress voted for it, although with certain important amendments. Our legislators resolved by a large majority to grant \$400,000,000 of aid to Greece and Turkey, provided that such aid was subject to the approval of the United Nations and to certain other safeguards.

Nevertheless, both Congress and the people made it plain that they rejected the basic doctrine. They refused to embark upon a worldwide ideological crusade against the Soviet Union. They refused to accept the President's implication that the United States should, in disregard of the United Nations, appoint itself the world's judge and the world's policeman.

The Marshall program was the sequel to the polite burial of the

Truman Doctrine. Shifting from the emotional ground of ideology and geopolitics to a realistic appraisal of the world's economic necessities, the Administration apparently recognized two basic misconceptions in its original proposal. It showed evidence of having learned: (1) that the real threat to peace is not the Communist idea, but conditions of intolerable want and oppression which make men turn to any radical remedy promising relief; and (2) that an idea cannot be stopped by physical force.

To state it in positive terms, the Administration set about developing a policy of planned assistance to those peoples of the world who cannot start by themselves the wheels of economic recovery. Whereas the Truman Doctrine apparently abandoned the concept of One World and blew the bugle for a political, perhaps military, struggle between East and West, Secretary Marshall announced a program of planned United States aid to *all* of Europe, including the Soviet Union. To quote his own words: "Our policy is not directed against any country or doctrine, but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos."

Unfortunately, the President's original proposal confused not only most Americans but many

people abroad. Worse, it opened a Pandora's box of ugly emotions. Here at home it won loud acclaim from Russia-haters, red-baiters, and reactionaries of all sorts, while evoking protest from a strange mixture of idealistic progressives and cynical isolationists. It befuddled and alienated the majority of middle-of-the-road Americans, whose common sense told them we must not hastily abandon the One World idea or the hope of reconciling our differences with the Soviet Union.

Abroad the result was much the same. The Soviet Union and the Communist parties in various countries interpreted the Truman Doctrine as a declaration of ideological war. Right-wing anti-democratic elements rejoiced and made haste to climb on the American bandwagon. The great mass of patient, suffering peoples shuddered with fear, feeling that they were being pushed nearer and nearer to a choice between what appeared to them the rival imperialisms of East and West.

The first sign of a dramatic change in the Administration's attitude was given by Dean Acheson, then Undersecretary of State, in a speech at Cleveland, Mississippi, on May 8. This address, which foreshadowed General Marshall's pronouncement of June 5,



Illustrations by Maurice Rawson

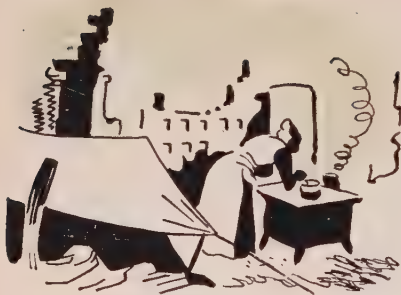
was scarcely noticed here at home, but its significance was not lost on Western Europe.

The Russians took it as merely another, somewhat more rational, version of the Truman Doctrine. Nor, later, did the Russians accept the more explicit statement by General Marshall as a real shift in American foreign policy. Mr. Molotov went to Paris upon the joint invitation of France and Britain to discuss an over-all European plan of reconstruction. But he left a few days later with bitter words of denunciation. Each side accused the other of splitting Europe in two. Each side retired with the determination to rebuild its half of the body as quickly as possible.

Unfortunately, it will now take time to undo the damage and to win the support which the new

program needs at home and abroad. Not merely the Russians, but people everywhere, must be made to realize that the Truman Doctrine is dead, that the question now before the house is the Marshall program, and that the Marshall program is basically different in objective as well as in approach. This will take patience, skill, and forbearance. It will require determination not to permit Russian intransigence to drive us into another sudden reversal and a return to the original ideological or geopolitical emphasis.

Perhaps the greatest virtue of the Marshall program—apart from its basic soundness—is that it demands co-operation. Rather than singlehanded, hit-or-miss action in various parts of the world, it requires the peoples of Europe to assess their over-all needs, es-



establish priorities, and come to us with the result of their calculations. We in turn must find out which of these requirements we can supply out of surplus, which we can supply only if we produce more than we are now producing, and which we can supply only if we produce more and also consume less ourselves.

Here is where the new foreign policy involves a new domestic policy for the U. S. To be effective, the Marshall program must include a careful appraisal of our national resources and the possibilities of increasing and re-directing part of our productive efforts. This implies some degree of over-all planning and control, similar to, though not as rigid and far-reaching as, that we used to win the war.

Some of our extreme conservatives will view this prospect with alarm. When they raise their hue

and cry, it will help the puzzled citizen if he recalls that these same ultraconservatives objected to any of the planning and control needed to save this nation from economic disaster in 1933 or from entering the war too late with too little in 1941.

The Marshall program will also affect our domestic fiscal policy. It will cost a lot of money—perhaps as much as five or six billion dollars a year for a period of years. But even this great sum is only about half of what we are now spending each year on our military budget, which can certainly be reduced once peace is more firmly established. Even if, over the next ten years, we should spend as much as fifty or sixty billion dollars to re-activate world recovery and establish peace, this huge expenditure would be only a fraction of what we should lose in the major depression which would inevitably follow a European collapse—and only a pittance compared to what we should lose and spend in another war.

Some of our conservative economizers and isolationists will not like spending all this money. They will scream that we are overexporting, that we are squandering our heritage on foreigners whose fate does not concern us, that, if saving the world costs too much,



we had better forget the world and save ourselves. The bemused citizen will recognize once more that these are the same voices uttering the same shopworn arguments by which they wrecked the peace after World War I, brought on the Great Depression of the '30s, and helped sow the seeds of World War II.

Even from a purely selfish, old-fashioned nationalistic point of view, the five or six billion dollars a year we may be called upon to lend-lease for peace will be the hottest kind of hot money, if we fail to spend it. It will burn the hide off our own hands. Holding on to it means deliberately shutting off our export markets, thus deliberately creating unemployment and reduced production at home. Holding on to it means walking head-on into a depression.

It took courage to put forward the Marshall program. It took courage to hold forth a promise and a hope which can be fulfilled only if Congress and the people support the initiative taken by the Executive.

For the first time since V-J Day we, the American people, face a basic issue clearly drawn. Shall we make good? Or shall we disavow the Marshall promise—as once we disavowed the Wilson promise—and, by hoarding our power, ren-

der it as useless as a miser's gold? The Russians cannot basically affect this issue. They too have a decision to make. But their ultimate action cannot modify our decision any more than it could in early 1941. Now, as then, Russia can only make our task infinitely easier or more difficult. The sooner we realize this fact—and the sooner the Russians realize it—the better.

For the moment, we live perforce in two worlds. But that does not mean we have abandoned our determination to create One World. We have a job to do in "our" half of the world which, if reasonably well done, can unite what is now torn asunder.

This job includes a reconsideration of some of our present



policies and tendencies. To mention just a few:

Our singlehanded intervention or near-intervention in China.

Our arming of the Latin American republics.

Our demand for sole trusteeship amounting to exclusive possession of Japanese mandated islands.

Our complacent attitude toward fascist or semi-fascist governments (Spain, Turkey, Argentina) in the face of our avowed hostility toward all "totalitarian regimes."

Our reluctance to accept as historical fact the trend toward socialism in Western Europe and our mistaken identification of democratic socialism with totalitarian communism.

Our tendency to tie political strings to economic aid and our predilection for going it alone without sufficient respect or regard for the United Nations.

The Marshall program cannot succeed so long as it is adulterated by reversion to earlier emotional attitudes. It will be believed only when we demonstrate in action that we mean what we say. **END**

## 47 *Pre-print*

## NOTES ON SOCIETY

To become a successful gangster a man must have a degree of ability which would have given him a reasonable amount of power in any society. The power which gangsters desire is that which enables them to stop the people round them from living the life which they would themselves wish to live: that is to say, to destroy the society of which they are a part, not by replacing it with another created at the pace of organic growth, but by killing society.

★ ★ ★

Whenever a minority imposes its will by force, it does not stop killing when it has broken the resistance against it, even if it revives resistance by its continued killing. There is here a delight in death: which is a question of taste on the profoundest levels of being. In every type of society this delight may manifest itself, and it is hard to imagine that it can ever be eliminated by any change in material circumstances. It is advisable for countless reasons that all men should everywhere enjoy abundance. But it is well to realize that everywhere there are some men to whom the fruits of abundance will taste bitter, because they dislike all life.

★ ★ ★

No society, whether capitalist, socialist, or communist, can survive for ten minutes if it abandons the principle that a contract is sacred.

—*Rebecca West*

From *The Meaning of Treason*, to be published this month by the Viking Press

MODERN ART — II      by A. Fabry  
Duchamp's Nude Descending a Staircase (see page 66)



*"I'll be down in a minute, honey."*



Some purists criticize Bernstein's uninhibited podium antics—but no one denies that he can work musical wonders with his bare hands INP



# Leonard

## Bernstein: *Molto Furioso*

**Music's fair-haired boy has yet to pick the perfect *métier* for his exuberant talents**

***by Henry Simon***

**I**N THE SUMMER of last year a composer-conductor spent considerable time in Prague, matching his scant twenty-nine American years against the music-hallowed antiquities of that city. His evenings he passed with some of Prague's leading musicians, who, with grave attention, followed his lead through the arcana of boogie-woogie. He had not, however, been sent to the first post-war music festival in Prague to teach the maestros of Czechoslovakia how to make the joint jump. More properly, he was acting as a kind of musical ambassador, or younger statesman, representing all that was fresh and modern in

our music. He had opened the festival with two orchestral concerts of American compositions. Both performances had been sellouts; the ticket scalpers appreciated them even more enthusiastically than did the public.

In April of this year this peregrinating musical statesman again represented young musical America in Prague, and also in Paris, Scheveningen, and Palestine, with particularly dramatic successes in Holland and Palestine. Today the *Wunderkind* of the 1943-1944 season is seriously mentioned as a possible successor to Serge Koussevitzky as leader of the Boston Symphony, one of the most responsible symphonic posts in America.

Efrem Zimbalist in a rueful moment once said, "A violinist reaches his best at the age of

• HENRY SIMON, as music critic of *PM*, New York newspaper, had a box-seat view of Leonard Bernstein's spectacular rise. He is also editor of the recent collection, *A Treasury of Grand Opera*.

twelve. The rest of his life he tries to hang on."

It is true that most great performers echo the career of, let us say, Heifetz, who at sixteen astounded Carnegie Hall and who has merely (a magnificent merely, of course) been putting ditto marks under that triumph for the last thirty years.

The case of Leonard Bernstein is more complex. He has more strings to his bow, not to mention his piano. There is no single smash debut he can hope to repeat *ad infinitum*, for within a period of thirteen months he scored major successes as conductor of symphony and ballet, as pianist, and as composer of songs, symphony, ballet, and musical comedy. He is a collector of triumphant debuts. It is apparent that Leonard Bernstein must count among his problems that of getting out of the rut of success. Let us see how he got into it.

At fourteen he had already shown himself in little. One summer at Sharon, Massachusetts (the Bernsteins are Lawrence-and-Boston folk) he put on a series of musical dramatic shows. One of them was *Carmen*, for which he brashly wrote a fresh libretto. He also set one high-water mark in originality by casting a brace of girls as Don José and the Torea-

dor, and another in versatility by singing *Carmen* himself. Boredom he ingeniously headed off by playing the piano when *Carmen* was not onstage.

LEONARD was well and conventionally educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard. At Harvard he played concerti with the Massachusetts State (WPA) Orchestra. (Perhaps a tiny fraction of your taxes helped to buy you a fine American musician.) He then spent two years at the Curtis Institute of Philadelphia, where he was considered the most promising of a gifted group of conductor Fritz Reiner's protégés.

After a brief and luckily, very unsuccessful experience in commerce—Bernstein *père* runs a prosperous beauty parlor supply business—the young musician took a small room in Boston and announced that he was ready and willing to teach "piano and musical analysis" to all comers. The comers did not come.

He moved to New York and in the winter of 1943 got a job as a musical hack for the Music Publishers Holding Corporation, a subsidiary of Warner Brothers. For \$25 a week he put on music paper (a task, by the way, that takes extraordinary ability) the compositions of gifted but musi-

cally illiterate jazz musicians. From time to time, to pull ends closer to each other. Bernstein thumped the piano in ballet classes at \$1 an hour and occasionally appeared in a night club as boogie-woogie artist. He also composed, under the name of Len-  
 nie Amber, a number of popular songs. (They were not quite popular enough to get published.) In the summer he attended the music center at Tanglewood on a scholarship, to study and practice as a symphonic conductor.

Then, in the fall of 1943, destiny bent over and touched a match to the Bernstein skyrocket.

Artur Rodzinski, musical director of the most popular orchestra in the world—the New York Philharmonic-Symphony—chose Bernstein as assistant conductor. Dozens of others had angled for that plum; but Rodzinski, who had seen Bernstein in action but had never met him, offered the job to this twenty-five-year-old unknown quantity. Pausing long enough to be turned down decisively for the third time by his draft board (asthma), Bernstein accepted.

On November 13, Jennie Tourel, the brilliant Franco-Russian mezzo-soprano, sang a cycle of songs entitled *I Hate Music* at Town Hall. Bernstein wrote both the words and the music, and first-

string reviewers gave composer, librettist and soloist rave notices.

The next day Bruno Walter, currently musical adviser of the Philharmonic, developed 'grippe. At five hours' notice and without rehearsal, Bernstein took over the concert. Walter had conducted the same program twice earlier in the week, but Bernstein managed to give his performance enough distinction to elicit high praise from every critic and a fine, if typically stodgy, pat on the back from the editorial page of the *New York Times*.

As the concert Bernstein inherited took place on a Sunday afternoon, it was broadcast to millions and the incident was reported in the whole United States press, plus some foreign papers. No one could remember when any assistant conductor had had so spectacularly good a chance with the Philharmonic. No one could remember when any conductor had led it in a gray business suit.

ON JANUARY 28, Fritz Reiner placed his Pittsburgh Symphony at his protégé's disposal to perform Bernstein's *Jeremiah Symphony*. The Pittsburgh critics were delighted. On February 19, Serge Koussevitzky paid young Bernstein the same compliment, and the Boston critics cut decorous

capers of joy over the youngster, both as composer and conductor. In the meantime, Bernstein had had two more occasions to conduct the Philharmonic. On April 1, Rodzinski let him play the *Jeremiah Symphony*. New York was conquered.

But this was not all.

In the midst of engagements, dozens of newspaper interviews, and his regular duties as assistant conductor of the Philharmonic, Bernstein managed to squeeze in the composition of a ballet commissioned by the Ballet Theater. *Fancy Free* was the great hit of the season, achieving over 250 performances in its first year, often with Bernstein conducting in the pit. It is still a staple of the Ballet Theater's repertoire.

Shortly after that came the news that the *Jeremiah* had won the coveted Music Critics Circle award for the finest new American orchestral work to be heard in New York that season.

**B**ERNSTEIN was not re-engaged as the Philharmonic's assistant conductor for the following season, partly because Rodzinski believed Bernstein had too many bigger fish to fry to give undivided attention to his duties. Instead he was rewarded with a two weeks' guest conductorship. Other en-

gagements with major orchestras all over the country poured in, not only as conductor but also as piano soloist. Bernstein accepted as many as he physically could, but again found time, somehow, to compose the score of a musical show entitled *On the Town*. For it he wrote not only the music, but also some of the lyrics. One of the musical hits of the 1944-45 season, it ran for fifteen months and netted Bernstein upwards of \$100,000 in royalties.

To go up like a skyrocket and come down like the stick . . .

Bernstein refused to trace that curve. Had he been merely a phenomenal musical talent, unbacked by sterner stuff in his character and by a wide cultural background, he might easily have suffered the fate half predicted, half hoped for him by a portion of the notoriously envious musical world. Instead, he has gone back each summer to Tanglewood to learn more about his craft as conductor from the masters.

At Tanglewood he works not only with Koussevitzky but with Tanglewood's assistant director, Aaron Copland, to whom Bernstein acknowledges a great debt as a composer. This year Bernstein conducted two of the regular festival programs at Tanglewood—the first time Koussevitzky has re-



leased his baton in these concerts to anybody else.

During the past two seasons, Bernstein has learned that guest-conducting is not the complete way to learn a difficult craft: One needs to know how to create an orchestra of one's own. Accordingly, he has for two years developed and directed the New York City Symphony, a post entailing an enormous amount of work—and no salary.

In reorganizing it, he has weeded out many of the older players and has given programs that have won acclaim for their fresh interest—an interest engendered not only by premières of works by young Americans but also by the replaying of modern music which had been “discovered”—and dropped—by other conductors. Bernstein has played all the good modern works he could squeeze into his programs, regardless of whether another conductor's name have been associated with them. For this he has won the affection of many composers, the respect of critics, and an interested audience of the musically alert.

He has also won the gratitude of the members of his orchestra by a violent outburst on their behalf. “Fraud!” he cried aloud at a public dinner when the subject

of New York's widely touted City Center came up. He was referring to the fact that the City gets credit for supporting his orchestra even though it contributes nothing to the men's sub-standard annual salaries. The city's only answer is that it is legally not allowed to be in the “amusement” business. Business or not, Bernstein opened his third season with the City Center Symphony on September 22.

**T**HE SKYROCKET is still rising. Will Bernstein soon be the musical director of the Boston or some other major orchestra?

Two years ago, when he first made his big splashes, most knowing musical observers would have deemed such appointments out of the question for at least another decade, if not forever. It would have been said that he was just a cocky youngster, too gauche to be acceptable to any staid board of directors, too immature in character, too uncertain in accomplishment, too unwilling to take advice.

Many episodes from Bernstein's career could be cited to sustain these criticisms. To his worldly-wise well-wishers, including some in very high places, he turned a deaf ear when he was strongly urged to change his name from Bernstein to something less obviously Jewish. Bernstein, proud of

his Jewish descent, stubbornly insisted that he would succeed with his own patronymic—or not at all.

Both Fritz Reiner, who taught him most of what he knows about the craft of conducting, and Serge Koussevitzky, who has been his principal guide and inspiration in the same field, urged him to use a baton. Bernstein, who has unusually expressive hands, felt that a stick hampered him, and has wielded one only often enough to convince himself that using it is a mistake—for him.

His aggressively uninhibited antics on the podium have led unfriendly critics, notably Virgil Thomson of the *New York Herald Tribune*, to make frequent references to what they consider unseemly ballet acrobatics. He has been called a show-off who always stands in danger of getting in the way of the music itself.

NO CRITIC, however, has denied that he gets just what he wants from an orchestra or that most of his interpretations are extremely effective. A colleague of Thomson's on the *Herald Tribune*, Edward Denby, probably the most sensitive American critic of the ballet, has observed that the Bernstein technique is the most helpful possible to dancers. Describing the Bernstein manner, he wrote: "His

downbeat, delivered against an upward thrust in the torso, has an instantaneous rebound like that of a tennis ball."

His manner of life and his social behavior also suggest the resilience of a tennis ball. He maintains a modest fifth-floor apartment in a walk-up on West 10th Street in New York City, but he is hardly ever there. Most of the season he bounces back and forth between Rochester, Detroit, New York, Boston, and western cities on conducting engagements; and when he is in New York constant engagements bounce him from one end of town to the other most of the day and half through the night. Summers he spends in intense musical activity at Tanglewood. But in all places his great nervous energy is almost certain to make him the center of activity, and spending an evening alone with him—a rare achievement for any friend—is likely to leave one stimulated but exhausted. Conversation ranges through politics (he's a liberal), literature and psychoanalysis (in both of which he is extremely well read), cooking (in which he exhibits broad yet epicurean tastes), personalities (he can be both remarkably biting and sentimentally charming), to, naturally, music.

Leonard Bernstein is not yet

thirty. Since that day Rodzinski sent him the unexpected invitation to be the Philharmonic's assistant conductor, his stature and reputation have grown steadily. His career would seem to be clearly set: another year or more of barnstorming as guest conductor, a series of recordings to spread and consolidate his reputation, and then a permanent berth with one of the leading symphonies.

**A**CTUALLY, Bernstein is very uncertain of any such future. The greater his success, the more stumbling blocks are put in his way by malicious rumormongers, and by the temptation to expend his multifarious talents in other fields than conducting.

His radio appearances on *Information Please* and elsewhere have demonstrated a highly viable talent; his gift for writing has elicited several requests from publishers; his talent for composing jazz has drawn a tempting offer (turned down) from Tommy Dorsey to compose and arrange exclusively for his band; his good looks and thespian talent have had Hollywood after him to act the leading role in a picture about Tchaikowsky, and to write the scenario, compose the music, play the piano, and act the lead in a picture based on *The Beckoning*

*Fair One*, a novel by Oliver Onions.

But the career that most tempts him to give up conducting is that of composer. With one symphony, one song cycle, one sonata, a set of short piano pieces, two ballets, and a musical comedy as his total output to date, he has no ready answer to critics who claim he has facility but no serious call for that high profession. Yet on many days he believes he would much prefer the comparatively peaceful life of a composer to the politically involved career of a symphony conductor. He feels he has several more good symphonies in him, and longs to compose an opera when he can find the right libretto.

Despite the modern instances of Richard Strauss and Sergei Rachmaninoff, he does not believe that the career of performer and composer can be combined—at least, not under the American system of specialization and stardom. On the other hand, his career as a conductor seems to be assured, and the financial returns are much more secure.

Where he will go from here is not clear. But wherever it is—whether he creates as conductor, composer, writer, or even actor—it is evident that the Bernstein skyrocket is still on the way up. **END**

ER...



Illustrations by Vic Volk



by Jack Alan

## or, How To Make a Speech

**"P**UBLIC SPEAKING," as I was saying just the other day to a rapt audience at the Town Hall Luncheon Club, "is merely the simple art of getting up off your words and putting your seat in the right order."

Any one of us may be called

• JACK ALAN (to give away a popular secret) is the name used by Jack Goodman, editor-in-chief of Simon & Schuster, and Alan Green, an advertising executive. Separately and together, they are widely published humorists.

upon at any time to make a speech. We must, in this busy era, learn to feel as relaxed on the podium as we would in any room of our home. Any room at all.

I therefore feel it my duty to pass on some of my own wide knowledge of the subject. Then, should you be asked to say a few words, you'll have something satisfactory to fall back on. It happened that the first time I was called on, I fainted, and what I



fell back on was the chairlady, an angular and unrewarding woman who, having just said, "And now I give you Mr. Jack Alan," was rather stuffy about getting him back so soon.

My first advice to the beginner is *never* to read his speech. It is too hard on the eyes to keep looking alternately at typewritten words and a receding audience. One should, however, prepare a few notes. These may be concealed in the palm and had best be inscribed on Pliofilm or some other waterproof material. The notes should consist of a few key words on cards. Words like "and," "the," and "but" are relatively useless for this purpose.

I reproduce herewith my actual notes from a recent speech. Skel-et-al as such things must be, this will probably mean little, but the form itself may be valuable to the neophyte:

#### 1. OPENING

- A. *Gentlemen*
- B. *You don't know me from Adam*
- C. *Everybody else has colds and I have been asked*
- D. *Name is Jack Alan*

#### 2. MIDDLE

- A. *I have been asked*
- B. *Here*
- C. *This morning*
- D. *To introduce your ex-*

*councilman (wait for applause here; don't wait for more than a minute, though)*

E. *Many of you might have preferred*

- 1. *To play golf (laugh indulgently here)*
- 2. *Sleep late (avoid yawning)*

F. *But devotion to our ex-councilman (pound fist on table; take off ring)*

- 1. *And lively interest in city corruption*
- 2. *Got us here anyway*
- 3. *To listen to his humorous sidelights (gentle smile)*
- 4. *On his recent trial for misuse of public funds*

#### 3. END

A. *It is my*

- 1. *Pleasure*
- 2. *Privilege*

B. *Introduce (to you)*

OUR EX-FRIEND AND COUNCILMAN!

Notes are just the first step towards preparing yourself psychologically for public speaking. Never forget that everyone you know is a potential audience. Do not permit inconsiderate friends, selfishly unconcerned with your ambitions, to attempt to turn the conversation into a dialogue.

This will require practice, and

I'd better give you an example of how I handle this sort of thing. My wife Phyllis and I are giving a party. Over in a corner Phyllis and a Mrs. Gummidge, both PTA members, are discussing sex education in the Junior High School. Mr. Gummidge and a Mrs. Fillow are talking about Atlantic City in the wintertime. I am in another corner of the room with Mr. Fillow, talking about nothing, because Mr. Fillow has spent all his life in the collar manufacturing game, and once you have deplored the fact that almost all men wear collar-attached shirts, there's nothing left to talk to Mr. Fillow about.

It is at this moment that the Public Speaker in me is aroused. The urge to seize the conversation and run with it for a touchdown is too powerful to resist. I haven't been to Atlantic City in several years and cannot discuss the one time I did go, just before my marriage. But sex, whether in Junior High School or out of it, is a topic on which I have always considered myself something of an authority.

I must first get attention. This is ridiculously simple. I rise and saunter over to the mantelpiece. I lean my left elbow on the mantel and flick the ashes from my cigarette on the carpet.

This immediately gets the atten-

tion of the one person in the room who would ordinarily not notice me—Phyllis. Now I must make some arresting statement—not necessarily one that means anything.

"There is not nearly so much sex in high school," I say casually, but in sufficiently loud tones, "as there is high school in sex."

This does the job, the key word being "sex." Mr. Fillow and Mr. Gummidge have already lost their glassy-eyed expressions—in fact, Mr. Gummidge can even be seen to lick his lips slightly. And Mr. Fillow is fidgeting with his collar-button (he wears a collar).

"A recent Gallup Poll," I go on, "indicates that 9 per cent of Americans, when asked the question, 'Is sex vital to our national welfare,' have no opinion."

This is the Citation of Authority gambit, one which must be at the Public Speaker's fingertips. The citation is best when invented by the speaker, for then it is fresher.

Our next step is to capture the audience completely for a half hour or so. This is usually best done by personal reminiscence.

"I remember an experience of my own in high school," I continue. "This was back in 1920, and, as I recall, the gay deceiver had not as yet been invented. Sitting right across from me in biology"





Service. Novice that I was, I began speaking in low, quavering tones, gradually gaining confidence until I got to the statement: "... and so it is important to know what to do in an air raid."

Unfortunately, just as I reached the end of that sentence, I became aware of the microphone in front of me for the first time and moved close to it, so that the phrase "AIR RAID!" was heard, not only in the auditorium, but out on the street and up to the third floor of all the buildings on the block. Never before or since have I so moved an audience. So rapidly, that is.

I didn't repeat this effort. Thenceforth, I was sent out on such missions accompanied by some other warden, who did the speaking while I gave a pantomimic demonstration of the use of the stirrup pump (placing the foot firmly through the metal base of the tank, "T", while the water, "W", seeps through your sock, "S").

I must say a few words on the proper behavior of the speaker while being introduced by the chairman. I cannot emphasize too strongly that, in a dignified setting such as, say, a meeting of a flower-growers' club, the speaker-to-be must avoid calling attention to himself by such devices as rais-

ing two clasped hands above his head and shaking them. Mugging and winking at members of the audience (however attractive such members may be) is also out. One must restrict oneself to an occasional genteel smile and the picking of lint off the sleeve (one's own sleeve). It may even be wise to deposit a couple of pieces of lint on the sleeve before coming to the gathering. If you do not have lint in your own home, you may purchase Speaker's Lint in any one of those novelty shops which also carry photogenic pipes for nonsmoking authors who are about to be photographed.

Once you're introduced and start speaking you must prepare for heckling. It is easy to know when you are being heckled. If you hear your audience shouting "Louder!" that is not heckling. If they are shouting anything else, that's heckling.

My advice on handling the heckler is simply to flash back at him with a crushing, witty comment which causes him to slink immediately from the scene, accompanied by roars of applause from the audience. Rejoinders such as "Is that so?" or "That's what *you* think," simply will not suffice.

Questions from the audience are something else again. For example, I have been asked to discuss

Lower Taxes and Prosperity. This is a subject I cover more or less in these terms:

1. *Define lower taxes—taxes which are not as high as certain other taxes which are higher.*
2. *If people don't have to spend so much for taxes, they have more money with which to buy things that are not taxes.*
3. *When people buy things, that is Business. Business is Making Money. Making Money is Prosperity . . . and so, Ladies and Gentlemen, you can easily see that Low Taxes mean Prosperity.*

The above is a sketchy outline of my twenty-minute discourse. When I sit down, a sour-looking individual in the eighth row says:

"Mr. Chairman! Is the speaker discussing taxation for revenue or taxation for limitation of competition? And in either case, is he attempting to imply the nefarious communistic doctrine that the whole question of taxation may safely be detached from considerations of prosperity and treated entirely within the framework of governmental economy per se? Isn't the present coincidence between falling inventories and rising carloadings a clear evidence that this is the over-all problem of the business World, or the even

broader concept of the economic ecology of free enterprise?"

This is clearly a question and cannot be avoided. I answer it sharply. "Your question, sir, answers itself!"

The above, of course, is a lie. It is what I thought of, going home in the subway. My actual reply was, "Er . . . that's a very interesting question . . ." (a half-minute pause) ". . . yes, that's a very interesting question . . . Are there any other questions?"

Little thought need be given to the subject of gestures. The standard ones, such as pointing, shaking the fist, striking the water pitcher with the elbow, and dropping one's notes, will come easily and naturally. Do not use the fingers as you make Point One, Point Two, and so forth. You will tend to digress, with the result that fifteen minutes later you will find yourself in an entirely different paragraph, still holding up two fingers and giving the impression that you can't shake off Point Two.

I believe that I have now covered every problem, with the possible exception of soapbox speaking. Making a soapbox speech differs in only one fundamental from all other kinds. This is, of course, to make sure that the soapbox is placed in any position except that in which its open side is up. **END**

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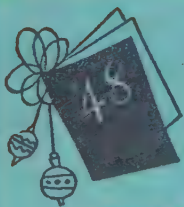
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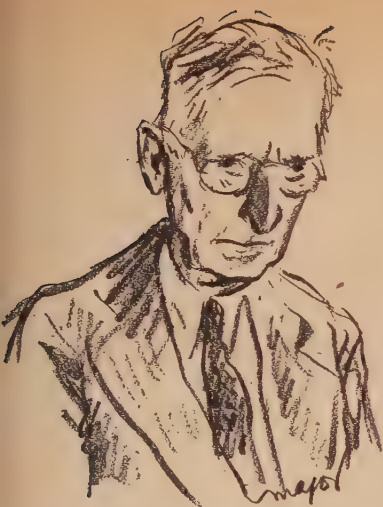


Illustration by Henry Major

# What I like to read

**A vice crusader, famous for his literary distastes, now reveals his preferences**

**by John S. Sumner**

Executive Secretary, Society to  
Maintain Public Decency

**W**HAT DO I LIKE to read? I'll begin at the beginning and go back to a small boy living in Washington, D. C. in the early 1880s.

Among the books he first read were Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Red Eric* (a pirate story), *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Tanglewood Tales*, and *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates*.

At about that time older folks were reading *Barriers Burned Away*, a story of the Chicago fire.

Later, *Looking Backward* was read and discussed by most adults. In those days there was only one "best-seller" for a long period of time.

Reading and hearing of these books gave this boy, myself, a diffused taste in literature for myth, travel, adventure, and historical fiction.

Then there was the nature of Washington itself, the seat of the national government, with its White House, Capitol, Supreme Court, and various departments—all tending to impress the imma-

ture mind with thoughts of government and law.

In those days, too, geography, history, and civics were distinct subjects, each with its separate text book in school—not a part of “social studies” with little emphasis on any one department of knowledge. These subjects appealed to me, and I still like to read of foreign lands, history, historical characters, and governmental affairs.

When I moved to Brooklyn, at the age of fourteen, I found in grammar school and later in high school, teachers who were capable of making their subjects interesting and their instruction impressive and lasting. This was particularly true in Brooklyn Boys’ High School, which has a remarkable record for scholastic and athletic achievement, and which numbers among its graduates many who have attained great heights in the professions, science, literature, and business.

#### Analytical reading of *The Lady*

• JOHN S. SUMNER, now 71, has been the country’s most aggressive guardian of public morality since 1915, when he succeeded Anthony Comstock as chief spokesman and prosecutor of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, since renamed the Society to Maintain Public Decency. Mr. Sumner’s forays against book publishers during the past thirty years have made his literary phobias notorious, but rarely, if ever, before has he listed the books and authors he likes, admires, and finds pure.

of the *Lake* and *Marmion* made me a Sir Walter Scott fan, and I believe that during my high school period I read most of the *Waverley* novels.

Three years of Latin, two years of French, and later a smattering of German gave me an appreciation of those languages and of their basic part in the formation of much of what we call the English language.

Time marches on. Ten years with a banking and brokerage firm acquainted me with the business of stocks and bonds, puts and calls, long holdings and short sales and attempted corners—Joe Leiter in wheat, someone in cotton, and someone else in Great Northern stock—with a resulting panic.

That experience opened up another favorite field of literature—true stories or fiction regarding stock exchange activities, legitimate and fraudulent adventures in high finance, including the Wallingford and Blackie Daw stories.

It was during that period that I became an easy victim of book agents. While the attack lasted, I bought, and in interminable installments paid for, *Memoirs of the Courts of Europe*, *Messages of the Presidents*, sets of Rudyard Kipling, Victor Hugo, Booth Tarkington, and others. The *Presidents* have served as reference for de-



bates or writing. I enjoyed the rest as recreation.

Then came the Law and three years of evening study made possible by the continuing Wall Street job wherein I had risen to customer's man and correspondent and the authorship of a weekly letter on grain market conditions. But I did not become interested in farm literature until about thirty-five years later when I acquired a farm on the Eastern Shore of Maryland (of which I am an all too absentee landlord).

In 1913, law and a client and a reasonably good reputation brought me into my present tempestuous way of life, with all of its undesired publicity. However, let us draw the veil over my professional activities of the past thirty-four years and revert to what, in the field of literature, beguiles my nonprofessional moments.

Some of the books, old and new, which I have most enjoyed reading are Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*, Hugo's *The Laughing Man* and *Ninety-Three*; Junot's *Napoleon*; Atherton's *The Conqueror*; Marquand's *Wickford Point*; Barrie's *Little Minister*; Cronin's *The Green Years*, and *The Yankee from Olympus*, whose author\* I have

forgotten. It was certainly the best book that I have read recently.

*Mountain Time*, now in book form, was one of the recent outstanding serials. All of the stories regarding the activities of Mrs. Latham, Colonel Primrose, and Sergeant Buck make good reading.

Gertrude Atherton's *The Conqueror* probably appealed to me because of its treatment of some of the small West Indian Islands of which I had heard from my mother, who was born on the island of St. Croix, then a part of the Danish West Indies. My father, who was a naval officer, met her there. The book also interested me greatly because it was about the career of Alexander Hamilton, whom I have always admired as a patriot, statesman, and financier.

Hugo's extended descriptions of the locale and the activities of his characters are intriguing, and even his dissertations on the meaning, origin, and use of unusual words are instructive and, to me, are not boring. I enjoy an author's style as well as the tale which he has to tell. That is conducive to slow reading but it adds to the pleasure which may be derived from any well-written book.

Aside from environment as an incentive to reading there is an inheritance in my case from my father, whose nickname among his

\*Catherine Drinker Bowen. *Ed.*

shipmates was "Booker," because of the great amount of time he spent in reading.

At present my principal recreational reading consists of the serial stories published in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. Some of these, in book form, have become best-sellers, such as *Arch of Triumph* and *A Lion Is in the Streets*.

When I was a boy there was a series of moderately priced books called the Caxton Editions. In each book appeared the slogan: "May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phoenicians, or whoever it was that invented books." Insert the word "good" before the word "books" in this slogan and let it go at that as to my likes in literature. **END**

## 47 Footnote

## John S. Sumner's Index Expurgatorius

Since its inception, the Society for the Suppression of Vice (or To Maintain Public Decency) has confiscated 350,000 books, mostly of privately-printed erotica, 3,500,000 pornographic postcards, 3,000,000 catalogues, and 8,000,000 "miscellaneous," or ruttish novelties; and it has put burlesque out of business in New York City. But its record against allegedly sinful literature is less imposing.

Following is a list of the more important books Mr. Sumner has tried to suppress in the courts. Despite the length of the list, the score to date is only two permanently banned,\* with two others awaiting decision on appeal to higher courts.\*\* Not included is the Bible, which Mr. Sumner accepts because "the courts have declared the Bible is all right."

*Well of Loneliness*, Radclyffe Hall

*Casanova's Homecoming*, and *Reigen*, Arthur Schnitzler

*The Adventures of Hsi Men Ching* (a Chinese classic)

*Celestine*, *Diary of a Chambermaid*, Octave Mirbeau

*Pay Day*, Nathan Asch

\**Female*, Donald Henderson Clarke

*Mlle. de Maupin*, Théophile Gautier

\**Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *The First Lady Chatterley*, and *Women in Love*, D. H. Lawrence

*Flesh*, Clement Wood

*The Temple of Pallas Athena*, George Lewys.

*God's Little Acre*, Erskine Caldwell

*Ulysses*, James Joyce

*Temptation of St. Anthony*, and *Novembre*, Gustave Flaubert

*If It Die*, André Gide

*Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise*, David Graham Phillips

*The Satyricon*, Petronius

*The Sex Side of Life*, Mary Ware Dennett

\*\**Memoirs of Hecate County*, Edmund Wilson

*End as a Man*, Calder Willingham

\*\**The Blue Hen's Chickens*, Vincent McHugh

# DUSKY SALLY

**A Ballad by  
Vincent McHugh**

Music by Charles Haubel and a painting by Waldo

*Dusky Sally broke my heart  
all that night the wind was crying  
Rolled her head and bit my mouth  
and moaned like she were dying*

Dusky Sally, leave her

*Dusky Sally she had no name  
sweet enough to coddle me  
Stood and looked me in the eye  
with the red plaid on her body*

*I shipped a voyage to Peru  
and Sally cried how I could leave her  
But Cally-o was not for me  
and I had no heart to grieve 'er*

Leave her, boys, leave her

*When I come home I set my cap  
and stood for Sally's house to hail her  
But Dusky Sally come walking out  
on the arm of another sailor*

*Still she stood and watched us roll  
over and over on the cobbles,  
and off the quay and down and down  
till his breath come up in bubbles*

Way-o, Johnny, leave her

*They hanged me for it right enough  
and when I stood on the trap  
Sally was out in her plaidy dress  
to hear my neckbone snap*

*It was all the same to me by now  
and all the same to Sally  
but I caught her eye a stroke before  
the hangman made his tally*

Dusky Sally, leave her

*Oh Dusky Sally she broke my heart  
all that night the wind was crying  
Rolled her head and bit my mouth  
and moaned like she were dying*

● ON THIS and the following pages '47 presents as an experiment the creative responses of a poet, a composer, and a painter to the same idea.

# Sweet An' Lush DUSKY SALLY chills the

*Piano*

*Voice*

*Piano*

*Tam*

*Bass*

*Dusky Sally broke my heart all that night the wind was cry — ing*

*Rolls her head and hid my mouth and moaned — like she was cry — ing —*

*Dusky Sally, leave her, Dusky Sally, leave her, Dusky Sally, leave her, O*

*leave her — O leave her*

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the song "Dusky Sally". The score is written on multiple staves. The top staff is for the piano accompaniment, followed by a vocal line with lyrics in red ink. Below the vocal line is another piano accompaniment staff. The bottom section includes staves for a tam and a bass, also with lyrics in red ink. The lyrics are: "Dusky Sally broke my heart all that night the wind was cry — ing", "Rolls her head and hid my mouth and moaned — like she was cry — ing —", and "Dusky Sally, leave her, Dusky Sally, leave her, Dusky Sally, leave her, O". The score is written in a simple, handwritten style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature.







Illustrations by David Fredenthal

# The Man with One Arm

**He was a spy with three masters. A story  
of Berlin today**

*by Irwin Shaw*

**"I** WOULD LIKE complete reports on these three people," Captain Mikhailov was saying. He pushed a slip of paper across the desk to Garbrecht, and Garbrecht glanced at the names. "They are interpreters at the American civil affairs headquarters. The Americans have a charming habit of hiring ex-Nazis almost exclusively for those jobs, and we have found it rewarding to inquire into the pasts of such gentlemen." Mikhailov smiled. He was a short stocky man with a round, shielded face, and pale, unsmiling eyes, and when he smiled it was like a flower painted unconvincingly on stone.

Garbrecht recognized two of the three names. Mikhailov was right. They were Nazis. It would take some thinking out, later, though, to decide whether to expose them to Mikhailov, or exactly how far to expose them. Garbrecht watched Mikhailov unlock a drawer in his desk and take out some American marks. Methodically. Mikhailov counted the notes out in his square, machine-like hands. He locked the drawer and pushed the money across the desk to Garbrecht.

"There," Mikhailov said, "that will keep you until we see each other next week."

"Yes, Captain," Garbrecht said. He reached out and pulled

• IRWIN SHAW, playwright (*Bury the Dead*, *The Gentle People*, etc.), screen writer, and short story writer, spent several years with the Army in Europe during the war. He is now at work on his first novel.



the money toward him, leaving it on the top of the desk. He took out his wallet, and, slowly, one by one, put the notes into the wallet. He was still slow and clumsy with things like that, because he had not yet learned how to handle things deftly with his left hand, and his right hand and arm were buried behind the field hospital in the brewery fourteen hundred miles away. Mikhailov watched him impassively, without offering aid.

Garbrecht put his wallet away and stood up. His overcoat was thrown over a chair and he picked it up and struggled to get it over his shoulders.

"Till next week," he said.

"Next week," Mikhailov said.

Garbrecht did not salute. He opened the door and went out. At least, he thought, with a nervous sensation of triumph, as he went down the grimy steps past the two plain-clothes men loitering in the dark hall, at least I didn't salute the bastard. That's the third week in a row I didn't salute him.

The plain-clothes men stared at him with a common, blank, threatening look. By now he knew them too well to be frightened by them. They looked that way at everything. When they looked at a horse or a child or a bunch of flowers, they threatened it. It was merely their comfortable professional adjustment to the world around them, like Mikhailov's smile. The Russians, Garbrecht thought as he went down the street, what a people to have in Berlin!

Garbrecht walked without looking about him. The landscape of the cities of Germany had become monotonous—rubble, broken statues, neatly swept lanes between piled cracked brick, looming blank single walls, shells of buildings, half-demolished houses in which dozens of families somehow lived. He moved briskly and energetically, like everyone else, swinging his one arm a little awkwardly to maintain his balance, but very little of what he saw around him made any impression on him. A solid numbness had taken possession of him when they cut off his arm. It was like the anesthesia which they injected into your spine. You were conscious and you could see and hear and speak and you could understand what was being done to you, but all feeling was absent. Finally, Garbrecht knew, the





anesthesia would wear off, but for the present it was a most valuable defense.

"Lieutenant." It was a woman's voice somewhere behind him and Garbrecht did not look around. "Oh, Lieutenant Garbrecht."

He stopped and turned slowly. Nobody had called him lieutenant for more than a year now. A short, blond woman in a gray cloth coat was hurrying toward him. He looked at her, puzzled. He had never seen her before and he wondered if it were she who had called his name.

"Did you call me?" he asked as she stopped in front of him.

"Yes," she said. She was thin, with a pale, rather pretty face. She did not smile. "I followed you from Mikhailov's office."

"I'm sure," Garbrecht said, turning and starting away, "that you have made some mistake."

The woman fell in beside him, walking swiftly. She wore no stockings and her legs showed a little purple from the cold. "Please," she said, "do not behave like an idiot."

Then, in a flat, undemanding voice, she said several things to him that he had thought nobody alive remembered about him, and finally she called him by his correct name, and he knew that there was no escaping it now. He stopped in the middle of the ruined street, and sighed, and said, after a long time, "Very well. I will go with you."

**T**HERE WAS A SMELL of cooking in the room. Good cooking. A roast, probably, and a heavy, strong soup. It was the kind of smell that had seemed to vanish from Germany sometime around 1942, and even with all the other things happening to him, Garbrecht could feel the saliva welling helplessly and tantalizingly up from the ducts under his tongue. It was a spacious room with a high ceiling that must have been at one time quite elegant. There was a bricked-up fireplace with a large, broken mirror over it. By some trick of fracture the mirror reflected separate images in each of its broken parts, and it made Garbrecht feel that something shining and abnormal was hidden there.

The girl had ushered him without formality into the room

and had told him to sit down and had disappeared. Garbrecht could feel his muscles slowly curling as he sat rigidly in the half-broken wooden chair, staring coldly at the battered desk, the surprising leather chair behind the desk, the strange mirror, the ten-inch high portrait of Lenin which was the only adornment on the wall. Lenin looked down at him from the wall, across the years, through the clumsy heroics of the lithographer, with a remote ambiguous challenge glaring from the dark, wild eyes.

The door through which he had himself come was opened and a man entered. The man slammed the door behind him and walked swiftly across the room to the desk. Then he wheeled and faced Garbrecht.

"Well, well," the man said, smiling, his voice hearty and welcoming, "Here you are. Here you are. Sorry to keep you waiting. Terribly sorry." He beamed across the room, leaning forward hospitably from his position in front of the desk. He was a short, stocky man with a light, pink face, and pale, silky hair that he wore long, possibly in an attempt to hide what might be an increasing tendency to baldness. He looked like an amiable butcher's boy, growing a little old for his job, or the strong man in a tumbling act in a small-time circus, the one on the bottom that the others climbed on. Garbrecht stood up and peered at him, trying to remember if he had ever seen the man before.

"No, no," the man said, waving his pudgy hands, "no, we have never met. Do not trouble your brain. Sit down, sit down. Comfort first. Everything else after." He leapt lightly across the room and almost pushed Garbrecht into his chair. "It is a lesson I have learned from our friends, the Americans. How to slouch. Look what they've accomplished merely by spending most of their time on the base of their spines." He laughed uproariously, as though the joke were too merry not to be enjoyed, and swept quickly across the room, with his almost leaping, light gait, and hurled himself into the large leather chair behind the desk. He continued beaming at Garbrecht.

"I want to say," said Garbrecht, "that I have no notion of why I was asked to come here. I merely came," he said care-

fully, "because the young lady made me curious, and I had an hour to spare, anyway, and . . ."

"Enough, enough." The man rocked solidly back and forth in the squeaking chair. "You came. Sufficient. Delighted. Very pleased. Have a cigarette . . ." With a sudden movement, he thrust out the brass cigarette box that lay on the desk.

"Not at the moment, thank you," Garbrecht said, although his throat was quivering for one.

"**A**H," THE FAT MAN said, grinning. "A rarity. Only German known to refuse a cigarette since the surrender. Still, no matter . . ." He took a cigarette himself and lighted it deftly. "First, introductions, Lieutenant. My name. Anton Seedorf. Captain, Hermann Goering Division. I keep the title." He grinned. "A man saves what he can from a war."

"I imagine," Garbrecht said, "you know my name."

"Yes." Seedorf seemed to bubble with some inward humor. "Oh, yes, I certainly do. Yes, indeed. I've heard a great deal about you. Been most anxious to meet you. The arm," he said, with sudden solemnity. "Where was that?"

"Stalingrad."

"Ah, Stalingrad," Seedorf said heartily, as though he were speaking the name of a winter resort at which he had spent a marvelous holiday. "A lot of good souls left there, weren't there, many good souls. A miscalculation. One of many. Vanity. The most terrible thing in the world, the vanity of a victorious army. A most interesting subject for historians—the role of vanity in military disasters. Don't you agree?" He peered eagerly at Garbrecht.

"Captain," Garbrecht said coldly, "I cannot remain here all afternoon."

"Of course," Seedorf said. "Naturally. You're curious about why I invited you here. I understand." He puffed swiftly on his cigarette, wreathing his pale head in smoke before the cracked mirror. He jumped up and perched himself on the desk, facing Garbrecht, boyishly. "Well," he said, heartily, "it is past time for hiding anything. I know you. I know your very good record in the Party . . ."



Garbrecht felt the cold rising in his throat. It's going to be worse, he thought, worse than I expected.

"... promising career in the army until the unfortunate accident at Stalingrad," Seedorf was saying brightly, "loyal, dependable, et cetera, there is really no need to go into it at this moment, is there?"

"No," said Garbrecht, "none at all." He stood up. "If it is all the same to you, I prefer not to be reminded of any of it. That is all past and, I hope, it will soon all be forgotten."

Seedorf giggled. "Now, now," he said. "There is no need to be so cautious with me. To a person like you or me," he said, with a wide, genial gesture, "it is never forgotten. To a person who has said the things we have said, who did the things we have done, for so many years, a paid Party official, a good soldier, a good German . . ."

"I am not interested any more," Garbrecht said loudly but hopelessly, "in being what you call a good German."

"It is not a question," Seedorf said, smiling widely and dousing his cigarette, "of what you are interested in, Lieutenant. I beg your pardon. It is a question of what must be done. Simply that."

"I am not going to do anything," said Garbrecht.

"I beg your pardon once more." Seedorf rocked happily back and forth on the edge of the desk. "There are several little things that you can be very useful doing. I beg your pardon, you will do them. You work for the Russians, collecting information in the American zone. A useful fellow. You also work for the Americans, collecting information in the Russian zone." Seedorf beamed at him. "A prize!"

GARBRECHT STARTED to deny it, then shrugged wearily. There might be a way out, but denial certainly was not it.

"We, too, several of us, maybe more than several, could use a little information." Seedorf's voice had grown harder, and there was only an echo of jollity left in it, like the sound of laughter dying down a distant alley on a cold night. "We are not as large an organization at the moment as the Russians; we are not as well equipped for the time being, as the Amer-

icans . . . but we are even more . . . more . . .” He chuckled as he thought of the word . . . “curious. And more ambitious.”

There was silence in the room. Garbrecht stared heavily at the pale, fat head outlined against the broken mirror with its insane, multiplied reflections. If he were alone, Garbrecht knew he would bend his head and weep, as he did so often, without apparent reason, these days.

“Why don’t you stop?” he asked heavily. “What’s the sense? How many times do you have to be beaten?”

Seedorf grinned. “One more time, at least,” he said. “Is that a good answer?”

“I won’t do it,” Garbrecht said. “I’ll give the whole thing up. I don’t want to get involved any more.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Seedorf happily, “you will give up nothing. It is terrible for me to talk to a man who gave his arm for the Fatherland this way,” he said with a kind of glittering facsimile of pity, “but I am afraid the Russians would be told your correct name and Party position from 1934 on, and they would be told of your affiliations with the Americans, and they would be told of your job as adjutant to the commanding officer of Maidanek concentration camp in the winter of 1944, when several thousand people died by orders with your name on them . . .”

Seedorf drummed his heels softly and cheerfully against the desk. “They have just really begun on their war trials . . . and these new ones will not run ten months, Lieutenant. I beg your pardon for talking this way, and I promise you from now on, we will not mention any of these matters again.” He jumped up and came across the room in his swift, round walk. “I know how you feel,” he said softly. “Often, I feel the same way. Quit. Quit now, once and for all. But it is not possible to quit. In a little while you will see that and you will be very grateful.”

“What is it?” Garbrecht said. “What is it that you want me to do?”

“Just a little thing,” Seedorf said. “Nothing at all, really. Merely report here every week and tell me what you have told the Russians and the Americans and what they have told you. Fifteen minutes a week. That’s all there is to it.”



"Fifteen minutes a week," Garbrecht was surprised that he had actually laughed. "That's all."

"Exactly." Seedorf laughed. "It won't be so bad. There's always a meal to be had here, and cigarettes. It is almost like old times. There!" He stepped back, smiling widely. "I am so happy it is settled." He took Garbrecht's hand and shook it warmly with both his. "Till next week," he said.

Garbrecht looked heavily at him. Then he sighed. "Till next week," he said.

Seedorf held the door open for him when he went out. There was no one else in the corridor and no guards at the door, and he walked slowly down the creaking hall, through the rich smell of cooking, and on into the street and the gathering cold evening air.

He walked blankly through the broken brick wastes toward the American control post, staring straight ahead of him. Next week, he thought, I must ask him what the picture of Lenin is doing on the wall.

THE OFFICE OF CAPTAIN PETERSON was very different from the bleak room in which Captain Mikhailov conducted his affairs. There was a clerk in the corner and an American flag on the wall, and the busy sound of American typewriters from the next room. There was a water cooler and a warm radiator, and there was a picture of a pretty girl with a small blond child on Peterson's disordered desk. Garbrecht took his coat off and sat down in one of the comfortable looted plush chairs and waited for Peterson. The interviews with Peterson were much less of a strain than the ones with Mikhailov. Peterson was a large young man who spoke good German and, amazingly, fair Russian. He was good-natured and naive and Garbrecht was sure he believed Garbrecht's excellently forged papers and innocuous, false record, and Garbrecht's quiet, repeated insistence that he had been anti-Nazi from the beginning. Peterson was an enthusiast. He had been an enthusiast about the war, in which he had performed quite creditably, he was an enthusiast about Germany, its scenery, its art, its future, its people, whom he regarded as the first victims of Hitler. Mikhailov





was different. He bleakly made no comment on the official soft tones issuing from Moscow on the subject of the German people, but Garbrecht knew that he regarded the Germans not as the first victims, but as the first accomplices.

Of late, Garbrecht had to admit, Peterson had not seemed quite so enthusiastic. He had seemed rather baffled and sometimes hurt and weary. In the beginning, his naiveté had spread to cover the Russians in a rosy blanket, too. The assignments he gave to Garbrecht to execute in the Russian zone were so routine and so comparatively innocent, that if Garbrecht had had a conscience, he would have hesitated at taking payment for their fulfillment.

Peterson was smiling broadly when he came in, looking like a schoolboy who has just been promoted to the first team on a football squad. He was a tall, heavy young man with an excited, swift manner of talking. "Glad to see you, Garbrecht," he said. "I was afraid I was going to miss you. I've been busy as a bartender on Saturday night, hand-carrying orders all over the place, packing, saying good-by . . ."

"Good-by?" Garbrecht said, shaken by a small tremor of fear. "Where are you going?"

"Home." Peterson pulled out three drawers from his desk and started emptying them in a swift jumble. "The United States of America."

"But I thought," Garbrecht said, "that you had decided to stay. You said your wife and child were coming over and . . ."

"I know . . ." Peterson threw a whole batch of mimeographed papers lightheartedly into the trash-basket. "I changed my mind." He stopped working on the drawers and looked soberly at Garbrecht. "They're not coming here. I decided I didn't want my child to grow up in Europe." He sat down heavily, staring over Garbrecht's head at the molding around the ceiling. "In fact," he said, "I don't think I want to hang around Europe any more myself. In the beginning I thought I could do a lot of good here. Now . . ." He shrugged. "They'd better try someone else. I'd better go back to America and clear my head for a while. It's simpler in a war. You know whom you're fighting and you have a general idea about where he is. Now . . ." Once more the shrug.

"Maybe I'm too stupid for a job like this," he continued. "Or maybe I expected too much. I've been here a year, and everything seems to be getting worse and worse. I feel as though I'm sliding downhill all the time. Slowly, not very perceptibly . . . but downhill. Maybe Germany has always struck everybody the same way. Maybe that's why so many people have always committed suicide here. I'm going to get out of here before I wake up one morning and say to myself, 'By God, they have the right idea.'"

**S**UDDENLY, HE STOOD UP, swinging his big feet in their heavy Army shoes down to the floor with a commanding crash. "Come on," he said. "I'll take you in to see Major Dobelmeir. He's going to replace me." Peterson opened the door for Garbrecht and they went out into the anteroom with the four desks and the girls in uniform typing. Peterson led the way. "I think the United States Army is going to begin to get its money's worth out of you now, Garbrecht," Peterson said, without look-

ing back. "Dobelmeir is quite a different kettle of fish from that nice, simple young Captain Peterson."

Garbrecht stared at the back of Peterson's head. So, he thought coldly, he wasn't so completely fooled by me, after all. Maybe it's good he's going.

But then Peterson opened the door to one of the rooms along the hall and they went in and Garbrecht took one look at the major's leaf and the heavy, brooding, suspicious face, and he knew that he was wrong, it would have been much better if Peterson had stayed.

Peterson introduced them and the Major said, "Sit down," in flat, heavy-voiced German, and Peterson said, "Good luck, I have to go now," and left. The Major looked down at the papers on his desk and read them stolidly, for what seemed to Garbrecht like a very long time. Garbrecht felt the tension beginning again in his muscles, as it had in Seedorf's room. Everything, he thought, gets worse and worse, more and more complicated.

"Garbrecht," the Major said, without looking up, "I have been reading your reports." He did not say anything else, merely continued to read slowly and effortfully, his eyes covered, his heavy chin creasing in solid fat as he bent his head over the desk.

"Yes?" Garbrecht said finally, because he could no longer stand the silence.

For a moment, Dobelmeir did not answer. Then he said, "They aren't worth ten marks, all of them together, to anybody. The United States Government ought to sue you for obtaining money on false pretenses."

"I am very sorry," Garbrecht said hurriedly, "I thought that that is what was wanted, and I . . ."

"Don't lie." The Major finally lifted his head and stared fishily at him.

"My dear Major . . ."

"Keep quiet," the Major said evenly. "We now institute a new regime. You can do all right if you produce. If you don't, you can go find another job. Now we know where we stand."

"Yes, sir," said Garbrecht.

"I should not have to teach you your business at this late date," the Major said. "There is only one way in which an operation like this can pay for itself; only one rule to follow. All our agents must act as though the nation on which they are spying is an active enemy of the United States, as though the war has, in fact, begun. Otherwise the information you gather has no point, no focus, no measurable value. When you bring me information it must be information of an enemy who is probing our line for weakspots, who is building up various depots of supplies and troops and forces in specific places, who is choosing certain, specific fields on which to fight the crucial battles. I am not interested in random confusing gossip. I am only interested in indications of the disposition of the enemy's strength and indications of his aggressive intentions toward us. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," said Garbrecht.

The Major picked up three sheets of clipped-together papers. "This is your last report," he said. He ripped the papers methodically in half and then once more in half and threw them on the floor. "That is what I think of it."

"Yes, sir," said Garbrecht. He knew the sweat was streaming down into his collar and he knew that the Major must have noticed it and was probably sourly amused at it, but there was nothing he could do to stop it.

"This office has sent out its last chambermaid-gossip report," the Major said. "From now on, we will send out only useful military information, or nothing at all. I'm not paying you for the last two weeks' work. You haven't earned it. Get out of here. And don't come back until you have something to tell me."

He bent down once more over the papers on his desk. Garbrecht stood up and slowly went out the door. He knew that the Major did not look up as he closed the door behind him.

**G**RETA WASN'T HOME and he had to stand outside her door in the cold all evening because the janitress refused to recognize him and let him in. Greta did not get back till after midnight and then she came up with an American officer in a closed car and Garbrecht had to hide in the shadows across the street



while the American kissed Greta clumsily again and again before going off. Garbrecht hurried across the broken pavement of the street to reach Greta before she retreated into the house.

Greta could speak English and worked for the Americans as a typist and filing clerk, and perhaps something else, not quite so official, in the evenings. Garbrecht did not inquire too closely. Greta was agreeable enough and permitted him to use her room when he was in the American zone, and she always seemed to have a store of canned food in her cupboard, gift of her various uniformed employers, and she was quite generous and warmhearted about the entire arrangement. Greta had been an energetic patriot before the defeat, and Garbrecht had met her when she visited the hospital where he was lying with his arm freshly severed after the somber journey back from Russia. Whether it was patriotism, pity, or perversity that had moved her, Garbrecht did not know, nor did he inquire too deeply; at any rate Greta had remained a snug anchorage in the wild years that had passed, and he was fond of her.

"Hello," he said, as he came up behind her. She was struggling with the lock, and turned abruptly, as though frightened.

"Oh," she said. "I didn't think you'd be here tonight."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I couldn't get in touch with you."

She opened the door, and he went in with her. She unlocked the door of her own room, which was on the ground floor and slammed it irritably behind her. Ah, he thought, unhappily, things are bad here too tonight.

He sighed. "What is it?" he said.

"Nothing," she said. She started to undress, methodically, and without any of the usual graceful secrecy she ordinarily managed even in the small drab room.

"Can I be of any help?" Garbrecht asked.

Greta stopped pulling off her stockings and looked thoughtfully at Garbrecht. Then she shook her head and yanked at the heel of the right stocking. "You could," she said, contemptuously. "But you won't."

Garbrecht squinted painfully at her. "How do you know?" he asked.

"Because you're all the same," Greta said coldly. "Weak. Quiet. Disgusting."

"What is it?" he asked. "What would you want me to do?" He would have preferred it if Greta had refused to tell him, but he knew he had to ask.

Greta worked methodically on the other stocking. "You ought to get four or five of your friends, the ex-heroes of the German Army," she said disdainfully, "and march over to Freda Raush's house and tear her clothes off her back and shave her head and make her walk down the street that way."

"What?" Garbrecht sat up incredulously. "What are you talking about?"

"You were always yelling about honor," Greta said loudly. "Your honor, the Army's honor, Germany's honor."

"What's that got to do with Freda Raush?"

"Honor is something Germans have only when they're winning, is that it?" Greta pulled her dress savagely over her shoulders. "Disgusting."

Garbrecht shook his head. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "I thought Freda was a good friend of yours."

"Even the French," Greta said, disregarding him, "were braver. They shaved their women's heads when they caught them . . ."

"All right, all right," Garbrecht said wearily. "What did Freda do?"

Greta looked wildly at him, her hair disarranged and tumbled around her full shoulders, her large, rather fat body shivering in cold and anger in her sleazy slip. "Tonight," she said, "she invited the lieutenant I was with and myself to her house . . ."

"Yes," said Garbrecht, trying to concentrate very hard.

"She is living with an American captain."

"Yes?" said Garbrecht, doubtfully. Half the girls Greta knew seemed to be living with American captains, and the other half were trying to. That certainly could not have infuriated Greta to this wild point of vengeance.

"Do you know what his name is?" Greta asked rhetorically. "Rosenthal! A Jew. Freda!"



Garbrecht sighed, his breath making a hollow, sorrowful sound in the cold midnight room. He looked up at Greta, who was standing over him, her face set in quivering, tense lines. She was usually such a placid, rather stupid, and easygoing girl that moments like this came as a shocking surprise.

"You will have to find someone else," Garbrecht said wearily, "if you want to have Freda's head shaved. I am not in the running."

"Of course," Greta said icily. "I knew you wouldn't be."

"Frankly," Garbrecht said, trying to be reasonable with her, "I am a little tired of the whole question of the Jews. I think we ought to drop it, once and for all. It was all right for a while, but I think we've probably just about used it all up by now."

"Ah," Greta said. "keep quiet. I should have known better than to expect anything from a cripple."

They both were silent then. Greta continued undressing with contemptuous asexual familiarity, and Garbrecht slowly took his clothes off and got into bed, while Greta, in a black rayon nightgown that her American lieutenant had got for her, put her hair up in curlers before the small, wavy mirror. Garbrecht looked at her reflection in the mirror and remembered the nervous, multiple reflections in the cracked mirror in Seedorf's office.

He closed his stinging eyes, feeling the lids trembling jumpily. He touched the folded, raw scar on his right shoulder. As long as he lived, he probably would never get over being shocked at the strange, brutal scar on his own body. And he would never get over being shocked when anybody called him a cripple. He would have to be more diplomatic with Greta. She was the only girl he was familiar with, and occasionally there was true warmth and blessed hours of forgetfulness in her bed. It would be ridiculous to lose that over a silly political discussion in which he had no real interest at all. Girls were hard to get these days. During the war it was better. You got a lot of girls out of pity. But pity went out at Rheims. And any German, even a whole, robust one, had a hard time competing with the cigarettes and chocolates and prestige of the



victors. And for a man with one arm . . . It had been a miserable day, and this was a fitting, miserable climax to it.

Greta put out the light and got aggressively into bed, without touching him. Tentatively he put his hand out to her. She didn't move. "I'm tired," she said. "I've had a long day. Good night."

In a few moments she was asleep.

Garbrecht lay awake a long time, listening to Greta snore; a wavering, troubling reflection from a street light outside played on his lids from the small mirror across the room.

AS HE APPROACHED the house in which Seedorf kept his headquarters, Garbrecht realized that he had begun to hurry his pace a little, that he was actually looking forward to the meeting. This was the fourth week that he had reported to the fat ex-Captain, and he smiled a little to himself as he reminded himself of how affectionately he had begun to regard Seedorf. Seedorf had not been at all demanding. He had listened with eager interest to each report of Garbrecht's meetings with Mikhailov and Dobelmeir, had chuckled delightedly here and there, slapped his leg in appreciation of one point or another, and had shrewdly and humorously invented plausible little stories, scraps of humor, to give first to the Russian, then to the American. Seedorf, who had never met either of them, seemed to understand them both far better than Garbrecht did, and Garbrecht had risen steadily in the favor of both Captain Mikhailov and Major Dobelmeir since he had given himself to Seedorf's coaching.

As Garbrecht opened the door of Seedorf's headquarters, he remembered with a little smile the sense of danger and apprehension with which he had first come there.

He did not have to wait long at all. Miss Renner, the blond who had first talked to him on the street, opened the door to the ex-Captain's room almost immediately.

Seedorf was obviously in high spirits. He was beaming and moving up and down in front of his desk with little, mincing, almost dancing steps. "Hello, hello," he said warmly, as Garbrecht came into the room. "Good of you to come."

Garbrecht never could make out whether this was sly humor on Seedorf's part, or perfectly automatic good manners, this pretense that Garbrecht had any choice in the matter.

"Wonderful day," Seedorf said. "Absolutely wonderful day. Did you hear the news?"

"What news?" Garbrecht asked cautiously.

"The first bomb!" Seedorf clasped his hands delightedly. "This afternoon at two-thirty the first bomb went off in Germany. Stuttgart! A solemn day. A day of remembrance! After 1918 it took twelve years before the Germans started any real opposition to the Allies. And now . . . less than a year and a half after the surrender . . . the first bomb! Delightful!" He beamed at Garbrecht. "Aren't you pleased?" he asked.

"Very," said Garbrecht diplomatically. He was not fond of bombs. Maybe for a man with two arms, bombs might have an attraction, but for him . . .

"Now we can really go to work." Seedorf hurled himself forcefully into his leather chair behind the desk and stared piercingly out at Garbrecht. "Until now, it hasn't meant very much. Really only developing an organization. Trying out the parts. Seeing who could work and who couldn't. Instituting necessary discipline. Practice, more than anything else. Now the maneuvers are over. Now we move onto the battlefield!"

**P**ROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS, Garbrecht thought bitterly, his new-found peace of mind already shaken, they couldn't get the jargon of their calling out of their thinking. Maneuvers, battlefields . . . The only accomplishment they seemed to be able to recognize was the product of explosion, the only political means they really understood and relished, death.

"Lieutenant," Seedorf said, "we have been testing you, too. I am glad to say," he said oratorically, "we have decided that you are dependable. Now you really begin your mission. Next Tuesday at noon Miss Renner will meet you. She will take you to the home of a friend of ours. He will give you a package. You will carry it to an address that Miss Renner will give you at the time. I will not hide from you that you will be in a certain danger. The package you will carry will include a timing

mechanism that will go into the first bomb to be exploded in the new war against the Allies in Berlin . . .”

Seedorf seemed to be far away and his voice distant and strange. It had been too good to be true, Garbrecht thought dazedly, the easygoing, undangerous, messenger-boy life that he had thought he was leading. Merely a sly, deadly game that Seedorf had been playing, testing him.

“Captain,” he whispered. “Captain . . . I can’t . . . I can’t . . .”

“The beginning,” Seedorf said, ecstatically, as though he had not heard Garbrecht’s interruption. “Finally, there will be explosions day and night, all over the city, all over the country . . . The Americans will blame the Russians, the Russians will blame the Americans, they will become more and more frightened, more and more distrustful of each other. They will come to us secretly, bargain with us, bid for us against each other . . .”

**I**T WILL NEVER HAPPEN, Garbrecht said dazedly to himself, never. It is the same old thing. All during the war they told us that. The Americans would break with the British, the British with the Russians. And here they all were in what was left of Berlin: Cockneys, Tartars from Siberia, Negroes from Mississippi. Men like Seedorf were victims of their own propaganda, men who listened and finally believed their own hopes, their own lies. And, he, Garbrecht, next week, would be walking among the lounging American MP’s, with the delicate, deadly machinery ticking under his arm, because of Seedorf’s hallucination. Any other nation, Garbrecht thought, would be convinced. They’d look around at the ruin of their cities, at the ever-stretching cemeteries, at the marching enemy troops in the heart of their capital, and they’d say, “No, it did not work.” But not the Germans. Goering was just dead in the Nuremberg jail, and here was this fat murderer with the jolly smile who even looked a bit like Goering, rubbing his hands and shouting, “A day of remembrance! The first bomb has exploded!”

Garbrecht felt lost and exhausted and hopeless, sitting in the wooden chair, watching the fat man move nervously and

jubilantly behind the desk, hearing the rough, good-natured voice saying, "It took fourteen years last time, it won't take four years this time! Garbrecht, you'll be a full colonel in 1950, one arm and all."

GARBRECHT WANTED to protest, say something, some word that would stop this careening, jovial, bloodthirsty, deluded lunatic, but he could get no sound out between his lips. Later on, perhaps, when he was alone, he might be able to figure some way out of this whirling trap. Not here, not in this tall, dark room, with the fat, shouting captain, the broken mirror, the somber, incongruous, brooding picture of Lenin, Seedorf's obscure, mocking joke, that hung on the cracked wall.

"In the meantime," Seedorf was saying, "you continue your regular work. By God!" he laughed, "you will be the richest man in Berlin when they all get through paying you!" His voice changed. It became low and probing. "Do you know two men called Kleiber and Machewski who work out of Mikhailov's office?" He peered shrewdly at Garbrecht.

"No," said Garbrecht after a moment. He knew them. They were both on Mikhailov's payroll and they worked in the American zone, but there was no sense in telling that, yet, to Seedorf.

"No matter," Seedorf laughed, after an almost imperceptible pause. "You will give their names and this address to your American Major." He took a piece of paper out from his pocket and put it down on the desk before him. "You will tell the Major that they are Russian spies and that they can be found at this place." He tapped the paper. "It will be quite a haul for the Major." Seedorf said ironically, "and he will be sure to reward you handsomely. And he will have a very strong tendency after that to trust you with quite important matters."

"Yes," said Garbrecht.

"You're sure," Seedorf said inquiringly, smiling a little at Garbrecht, "you're sure you don't know these men?"

Then Garbrecht knew that Seedorf knew he was lying, but it was too late to do anything about it.

"I don't know them," he said.



"I could have sworn . . ." Seedorf shrugged. "No matter." He got up from the desk, carrying the slip of paper, and came over to the chair where Garbrecht was sitting. "Some day, my friend," he said, putting his hand lightly on Garbrecht's shoulder, "someday you will learn that you will have to trust me, too. As a matter of . . ." He laughed. "A matter of discipline."

He handed Garbrecht the slip of paper and Garbrecht put it in his pocket and stood up. "I trust you, sir," he said flatly. "I have to."

Seedorf laughed uproariously. "I like a good answer," he shouted. "I do like a good answer." He put his arm around Garbrecht in a brotherly hug. "Remember," he said, "my first and only lesson—the one principle in being a hired informer is to tell the man who is paying you exactly what he wishes to hear. Any information must fit into theories which he already holds. Then he will trust you, pay you well, regard you as a more and more valuable employee. However . . ." and he laughed again, "do not try to work this on me. I am different. I don't pay you . . . and therefore, I expect the truth. You will remember that?" He turned Garbrecht around quite roughly and peered into his eyes. He was not smiling now.

"Yes, sir," said Garbrecht. "I will remember it."

"Good." Seedorf pushed him toward the door. "Now go downstairs and talk to Miss Renner. She will make all arrangements."

He pushed Garbrecht gently through the door and closed it sharply behind him. Garbrecht stared at the closed door for a moment, then walked slowly downstairs to Miss Renner.

LATER, ON THE STREET, on his way to Mikhailov's office, he tried not to think of Seedorf's conversation, or the ingenious, deadly device that even now was waiting for him on the other side of the city.

He felt like stopping and leaning his head against the cold, cracked brick wall of a gutted house he was passing, to weep and weep in the twisting, cutting wind. After so much, after all the fighting, all the death, after the operating room in the brewery at Stalingrad, a man should be entitled to something,

some peace, some security. And, instead, this onrushing dilemma, this flirtation with next week's death, this life of being scraped against every rock of the jagged year by every tide that crashed through Germany. Even numbness was no longer possible.

He shuffled on dazedly, not seeing where he was going. He stumbled over a piece of pavement that jutted crazily up from the sidewalk. He put out his hand to try to steady himself, but it was too late, and he fell heavily into the gutter. His head smashed against the concrete and he felt the hot laceration of broken stone on the palm of his hand.

He sat up and looked at his hand in the dim light. There was blood coming from the dirty, ripped wounds, and his head was pounding. He sat on the curb, his head down, waiting for it to clear before he stood up. No escape, he thought, heavily, there never would be any escape. It was silly to hope for it. He stood up slowly, and continued on his way to Mikhailov's office.

Mikhailov was crouched over his desk, the light of a single lamp making him look froglike and ugly as he sat there, without looking up at Garbrecht. ". . . Tell the man who is paying you exactly what he wishes to hear . . ." Garbrecht could almost hear Seedorf's mocking, hearty voice. Maybe Seedorf knew what he was talking about. Maybe the Russian was that foolish, maybe the American was that suspicious . . . Suddenly, Garbrecht knew what he was going to tell Mikhailov.

"Well?" Mikhailov said finally, still peering down at his desk. "Anything important? Have you found out anything about that new man the Americans are using?"

Mikhailov had asked him to find out what he could about Dobelmeir last week, but Garbrecht had silently resolved to keep his mouth shut about the American. If he said too much, if he slipped once, Mikhailov would become suspicious, start prying, set someone on Garbrecht's trail. But now he spoke in a loud, even voice. "Yes," he said. "He is a second generation German-American. He is a lawyer in Milwaukee in civilian life. He was under investigation early in the war because he was said to have contributed to the German-American Bund in 1939 and '40." Garbrecht saw Mikhailov slowly raise his head

and look at him, his eyes beginning to glisten with undisguised interest. It's working, Garbrecht thought, it actually is working. "The case was never pressed," he went on calmly with his invention, "and he was given a direct commission late in the war and sent to Germany on special orders. Several members of his family are still alive in the British zone, Hamburg, and a cousin of his was a U-Boat commander in the German Navy and was sunk off the Azores in 1943."

"Of course," said Mikhailov, his voice triumphant and satisfied. "Of course. Typical." He did not say what it was typical of, but he looked at Garbrecht with an expression that almost approached fondness.

"There are two things you might work on for the next few



weeks," Mikhailov said. "We've asked everyone working out of this office to pick up what he can on this matter. We are quite sure that the Americans have shipped over a number of atomic bombs to Great Britain. We have reason to believe that they are being stored in Scotland, within easy distance of the airfield at Prestwick. There are flights in from Prestwick every day, and the crews are careless. I would like to find out if there are any preparations, even of the most preliminary kind, for basing a group of B-29's somewhere in that area. Skeleton repair shops, new fuel storage tanks, new radar warning stations, et cetera. Will you see if you can pick up anything?"

"Yes, sir," said Garbrecht, knowing that for Mikhailov's purpose, he would make certain to pick up a great deal.

"Very good," said Mikhailov. He unlocked the drawer in his desk and took out the money. "You will find a little bonus here," he said with his mechanical smile.

"Thank you, sir," said Garbrecht, picking up the money.

"Till next week," Mikhailov said.

"Till next week," said Garbrecht. He saluted and Mikhailov returned the salute as Garbrecht went out the door.

Although it was dark and cold outside, and his head was still throbbing from his fall, Garbrecht walked lightly, grinning to himself, as he moved toward the American zone.

**H**E DIDN'T SEE Dobelmeir till the next morning. "You might be interested in these men," he said, placing before the Major the slip of paper with the names of the men Seedorf had instructed him to denounce. "They are paid agents for the Russians, and the address is written down there, too."

Dobelmeir looked at the names, and a slow, delighted grin broke over his heavy face. "Very, very interesting," he said. "Excellent." His large hand went slowly over the crumpled paper, smoothing it out in a kind of dull caress. "I've had some more inquiries for information about that Professor I asked you to check. Kittlinger. What did you find out?"

Garbrecht had found out, more by accident than anything else, that the Professor, an aging obscure physics teacher in the Berlin Medical School, had been killed in a concentration



camp in 1944, but he was sure that there was no record anywhere of his death. "Professor Kittlinger," Garbrecht said glibly, "was working on nuclear fission from 1934 to the end of the war. Ten days after the Russians entered Berlin, he was arrested and sent to Moscow. No word has been heard since."

"Of course," Dobelmeir said flatly. "Of course."

THE ATOM, Garbrecht thought, with a slight touch of exhilaration, is a marvelous thing. It hands over everything like a magic charm. Mention the atom, and they will solemnly believe any bit of nonsense you feed them. Perhaps, he thought, grinning inwardly, I will become a specialist. Garbrecht, Atomic Secrets Limited. An easy, rich, overflowing, simple field.

Dobelmeir was industriously scratching down the doubtful history of Professor Kittlinger. Atomic Experimenter. For the first time since he had begun working for the Americans, Garbrecht realized that he was actually enjoying himself.

"You might be interested," he said calmly, "in something I picked up last night."

Dobelmeir looked up assiduously from his desk. "Of course," he said gently.

"It probably doesn't amount to anything, just drunken, irresponsible raving . . ."

"What is it?" Dobelmeir leaned forward keenly.

"Three days ago a General Bryansky, who is on the Russian General Staff . . ."

"I know, I know," said Dobelmeir impatiently. "I know who he is. He's been in Berlin for a week now."

"Well," said Garbrecht, deliberately playing with Dobelmeir's impatience. "he made a speech before a small group of officers at the Officers' Club, and later on he got quite drunk, and there are rumors about certain things that he said . . . I really don't know whether I ought to report anything as vague as this, just, as I said, a rumor . . ."

"Go ahead," Dobelmeir said hungrily. "Let me hear it."

"He is reported to have said that there will be war in sixty days. The atomic bomb is meaningless, he said. The Russian army can march to the Channel from the Elbe in twenty-five

days. Then let the Americans use the atomic bomb on them. They will be in Paris, in Brussels, in Amsterdam, and the Americans won't dare touch them . . . Of course, I cannot vouch for this, but . . ."

"Of course he said it," Dobelmeir said. "Or if he didn't, some other of those murderers did." He leaned back wearily. "I'll put it in the report. Maybe it'll make somebody wake up in Washington. And don't worry about reporting rumors. Very often there's more to be learned from a rumor than from the most heavily documented evidence."

"Yes, sir," said Garbrecht.

"I don't know," said Dobelmeir, "whether you heard about the bombing in Stuttgart yesterday."

"Yes, sir. I did."

"I have my own theory about it. There are going to be more, too, take my word for it. I think if you got to the bottom of it, you'd find our friends, the Russians, there. I want you to work on that, see what you can pick up this week . . ."

"Yes, sir," Garbrecht said. What a wonderful man Seedorf is, Garbrecht thought. How astute, how correct in his intuition. How worthy of faith. He stood up. "Is that all, sir?"

"That's all," Dobelmeir handed him an envelope. "Here's your money. You'll find two weeks' pay I held back in the beginning are added to this week's money."

"Thank you very much, sir," Garbrecht said.

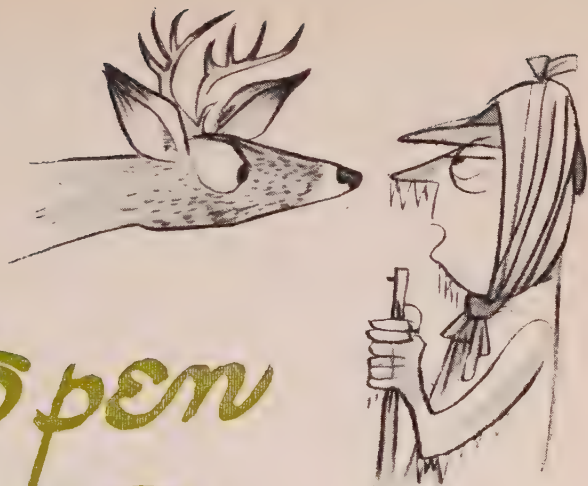
"Don't thank me," said the Major. "You've earned it. See you next week."

"Next week, sir," Garbrecht saluted and went out.

There were two MP's standing at the door, in the clear winter sunshine, their equipment glittering, their faces bored. Garbrecht smiled and nodded at them, amused now, long in advance, as he thought of himself scornfully carrying the delicate parts of the first bomb past them, right under their noses.

He walked briskly down the street, breathing deeply the invigorating air, patting the small bulge under his coat where the money lay. He could feel the numbness that had held him for so long deserting him, but it was not pain that was taking its place, not pain at all.

END



# Open Season

by R. Osborn





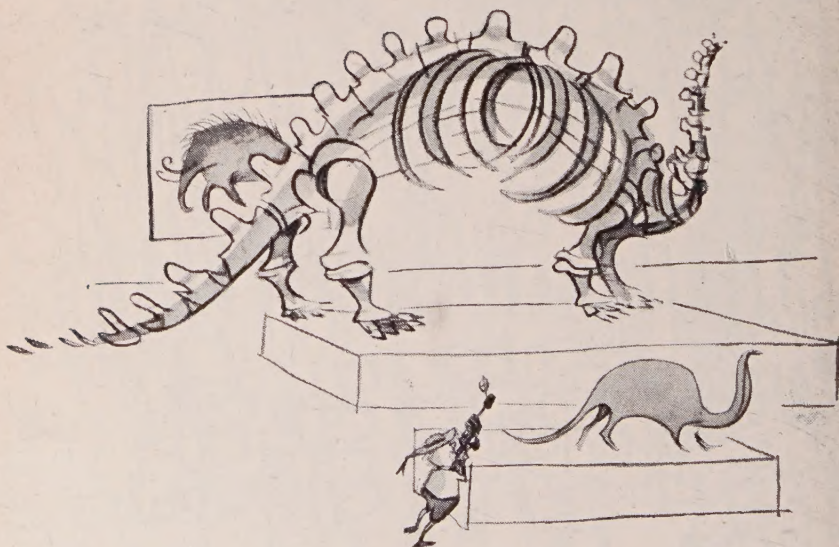
*The Unspeakable in Search of the Inedible*







*The Purist*



*The Atomic vs. the Mesozoic*





"The Juggler" by Gjon Mili

(For other photos by Mili see page 64)

47 *the Magazine of the Year*



America's Most Popular Sport...see page 75